SIGN National Catholic Magazine

RS



Papacy's Colden Age

I COULDN'T STOP



Torturing

MY poor husband. Living with me had become torture for him, I'd become such a nag. And the worst part of it was I just couldn't help myself! I felt so tired and worn-out - even an afternoon nap didn't help. When Phil came home from work, I was so nervous and irritable I jumped on every word he said.

I loved my husband dearly, but instead of being an understanding wife, I started arguments over nothing at all. I could see the strain telling on Phil. After all, no man likes a woman ruining his life!

'What's wrong?" he asked. "You're not acting like the girl I married. You're so tired and jumpy lately - it's just not normal. Maybe you ought to see the doctor!"

Sure enough, our doctor had the answer. After examining me, he explained that my condition was merely the result of a prolonged nutritional deficiency. He explained that a lack of vitamins and minerals was actually making me tired and cranky. All he recommended was a good nutritional formula to supplement my daily diet.

I started taking Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules, and it wasn't long before Phil and I noticed the wonderful difference. My tiredness disappeared, I wasn't nervous anymore - and thank goodness I stopped nagging. Phil and I are as happy as honeymooners again!

If you are suffering from vitamin-mineral deficiency, why not see if Vitasafe Capsules can help you? You don't risk a penny. Simply mail the postcard for a trial 30-day supply!

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Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 29 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine. Citrus Biofiavonoid. Liver, 12 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much stronger, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days triall Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over fuzie the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamins A, C, and D . . , fee times the unimimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins B-1 and the full concentration recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12 — one of the most remarkable nutrients science has yet discovered—a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs. Clutamic Acid, an important protein derived from atural wheat gluten, is also included in Vitasafe Capsules. And to top off this exclusive formula, each capsule now brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid. This formula is so complete it is available nowher less at this price!

WHY YOU MAY NEED THESE SAFE HIGH-POTENCY CAPSULES

As your own doctor will tell you, scientists have discovered that not only is a daily minimum of vitamins and minerals, in one form or another, absolutely indispensable for proper health ... but some people actually need more than the average daily requirements established by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. If you tire easily ... if you work under pressure, subject to the stress of travel, worry and other strains, with resulting improper eating habits ... then you may be one of the people who needs this extra supply of vitamins. In that case, VITASAFE C.F. CAP-SULES may be "just what the doctor ordered"—because they contain the most frequently recommended food supplement formula for people in this category!

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED
There is no mystery to vitamin potency. As you probably know, the U.S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label. This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture are crefully controlled for your protection! When you use VITA-SAFE C.F. CAPSULES you can be sure you're getting exactly what the label states...pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and again!

beneficial effects have been proven time and againl

WHY WE WANT YOU TO

TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY - FREE!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of valuable VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES for just one reason. So many
persons have already tried them with such astounding
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are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience
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SPECIAL PLAN FOR MEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK POSTCARD IF DESIRED

that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and minerals you will need. You are under no obligation to buy anything! If after taking your free capsules for two weeks you are not entirely satisfied, simply return the handy card that comes with your free supply and that will end the matter. Otherwise its up to us — you don't have to do a thing — and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of capsules automatically and on time for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only \$2.78 per month (plus a few cents shipping) — a saving of 45%. Mail postcard now

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Men may also suffer from lack of pep, energy and citality due to nutritional deficiency. If there is such a man in your house, you will do him a facor by bringing this announcement to his attention. Just have him check the "Men's Plan" box in the postcard,

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THE NEW Y

Duty com emurrer to arch edite nions," at ierred to For twent sely iden g and the reat news and know eentation magemen andards o love repre probation The worl rters as I haplen est ears ago a mpartiality ined in their suc seph Lof ters an ictly to t ced and itimate i blic inte y have

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McGUIRE.

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MANKATO,



THE NEW YORK TIMES

Duty compels me to register an emphatic emurrer to the opening remarks in your farch editorial entitled "THE SIGN and the nions," at least insofar as those remarks ferred to The New York Times.

For twenty-four years, prior to 1953, I was selv identified with both the newsgatherg and the news-editing operations of that teat newspaper. I can testify from firstand knowledge that, in its coverage and resentation of news dealing with laboranagement relations, The Times has set andards of objectivity that are not only love reproach but worthy of the highest probation.

The work of such outstanding labor reorters as the late Louis Stark and Joseph haplen established on The Times thirty ars ago a tradition of thoroughness and mpartiality that has been admirably susined in the present-day labor reporting their successors-men like A. H. Raskin, seph Loftus, and Stanley Levey. These riters and commentators have hewn nictly to the Ochs-Sulzberger ideal of balaced and responsible journalism, with all gitimate interests presented fairly and the ublic interest paramount. Because of this er have won the respect of labor and anagement alike.

To impute or imply that, because The W York Times represents a large capital mestment, its voice must naturally be that big money and big management is to in the face of an unchallengeable record the contrary.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

DONE PARK, N. Y.

Mr. Laube is entirely correct—as far as he (Ms. The news reporting is and has been ir and objective. The editorial page hower-which voices the views of The Times is quite definitely slanted in favor of unagement.

HE CHURCH IN AMERICA

I would like to thank Mr. Norman St. ohn-Stevas for his fine article "The Cathic Church in America." I have never read more enlightening report on American tholicism.

May I encourage you to have more of his iews published. I agree, "self-criticism is sential to progress.

1/Lt. Louis T. Vagnini McGUIRE AFB, N. J.

I especially liked "The Catholic Church h America," by Norman St. John-Stevas. think that we need a "foreigner's" view make us conscious of the impression we are creating for Protestants and other Cathlics, both here and abroad. Mr. St. John-Meras' article really made me think.

STEFANIE WEISGRAM

MANKATO, MINN.

Mother, where do babies come from?"

Can YOU answer that, Mother, in a way that will instill in your child a deep respect for parenthood and reverence for God for designing a beautiful plan of life?

of life?
That's what "The Story of Life," by Ellis W. Whiting does for you as you read it, word for word to
your child, truthfully giving him or her the FACTS
OF LIFE.
No hesitating or grapping for words because EXACT
WORDS are provided.

NOW OVER 165,000 COPIES SOLD

NOW OVER 165,000 COPIES SOLD

This book is unique because: 1) the TRUTH is told with FATHER and MOTHER in the picture ... in child language. No evasions. 2) Child's whole concept of sex is started on a high spiritual plane.
3) EXACT WORDS are supplied. 4) The book is purposely brief (48 pages) so as not to tire child. 5) Section of delicate QUESTIONS and ANSWERS for older children. 6) This book creates a new appreciation of mother.

STORY MAKES CHILDREN THINK

STORY MAKES CHILDREN THINK
REACTIONS OF LITTLE ONES
7 year old girl: "God didn't forget anything, did He,
Mommy?" —Girl of 9: "Mother, now I feel clean
all over" —Boy of 6: "Daddy, I'll never be cross to
Mommy again." —Teenage girl: "Mother, I never
thought as much of you as I do now."
Mothers have remorked, "Who but this author would
have thought of SUCH an approach to this delicate
subject?" Following a book review, Christian mothers and other parent groups often order at quantity
prices for their organizations.

HIGHLY ENDORSED

In the book, you see generous praise by The Rt. Rev. Magr. E. J. Westenberger, Ph.D., Pastor, St. John's Parish, Green Bay, Wis., former Superintendent of Schools, Catholic Diocese of Green Bay, and book review by St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, which concludes: "The work is highly recommended to parents by a number of cautious priests."

A Doctor wrote: "The Story of Life says the most in the fewest number of words of anything I have ever read. As a physician, I know only too well the



need of such early instruction to save mankind from many pitiful experiences."

Excerpts from The Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. D. Conway's review of his book in the Catholic Messenger are as follows: "I don't mind giving him (the author) a free cossist because this book well deserves a boost. It will prevent the curious little mind from experiment, shame, and a feeling of guilt. And above all, it will establish that confidence and frankness which is going to be so necessary 10 or 12 years later when real problems arise, and thus, will save teenagers from coming to me or some other priest with questions they wouldn't dare ask mother."

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

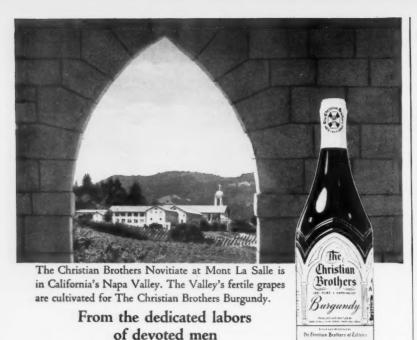
MONEY BACK GUAKANIE:

Price of the book is \$1.00. (Add 10¢ for bank service and handling charges if payment is made by check). If not HIGHLY PLEASED, return it in 10 days and money will be promptly refunded. Just wrap a dollar bill in sheet of paper on which please PRINT your name and full address and mail in nearest mail box to company below. No C.O.D.'s because of time involved.

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red currant jelly

red raspberry jam

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ST. JOSEPH'S ABBEY SPENCER 15, MASS.

Norman St. John-Stevas' realistic vice point on the Catholic Church in Ameri (March) was a refreshing relief from you usual diet of unionism, right-to-work, an what is happening to the Church ent place else but here at home. Perhaps son day you will awaken to the plight Ecclesia Suburbia to which 1,000 Catholi are moving daily to find few parishes, schools, wholesale illiteracy in terms Catholic books and magazines.

NOVATO, CALIF.

PAUL BRINDE

Concerning Ecclesia Suburbia, The Sac last year printed two articles by Andre Greeley: "Suburbia: A New Way of Life and "The Catholic Suburbanite"; and article by Douglas Roche: "What Suburb Does to a Diocese.'

The March issue contains an article that cannot go without commendation "The Catholic Church in America" Norman St. John-Stevas. How one man can in a visit, accurately read all the signs of the Church in this country and can so well express them in a short article speal volumes for his ability as a reporter and the appreciation he has for his faith.

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FT. WAYNE, IND.

Dr. St. John-Stevas' comments on Amer can Catholicism are quite broad for a du who has spent only one of his twenty-eigh years in the United States and during the time evidently had limited contact with Catholic schools and colleges.

First he says we U.S. Catholics are to negative and too critical of our own s ciety, then he says we are too contaminate with national prejudices. Can we be both: the same time? How are we ever going please this fellow? We are evasive to inte lectual pursuits and yet we build and sup port, without government help, more schools and colleges than any proportions Catholic group in the world.

Like Dr. St. John-Stevas, I too came the United States after college graduation but after eighteen years here. I am noty qualified to evaluate American C

The small, impoverished band of En lish Catholics admittedly have with books. In their setting of monastery m and madonnas on the spires of Oxford th are haunted by thoughts of their count Catholic past and they write lamenti books. We have no such ravages to i spire us and even if we did, we would more inclined to try to win converts setting a good example and living as t emplary Catholics.

Dr. St. John-Stevas says our laity 1 content with a passive, financial role. wish he had lived (where I spent set years) in a certain parish in Rhode Island where the parishioners, under direction the priests, not only built their own p

(Continued on page 6)

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned edited published at Union City, N. J., by the Pasi Pathers, Clegal Title-Passionist Missions, Inc. serintion price \$4.100 per year, in advance; single or 35c in the U.S., its possessions, and Canada, For for subscriptions add 50c a year, Second Class Postar at Finon City, N. J. and at additional mailine offset der the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for malle special rates of nostage provided for in Par. 4–8c. Act of May 28, 1925, Vol. 38, No. 9.

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR MOTHER'S DAY



AVE MARIAS ON ONE RECORD

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BACH-GOUNOD

ARCADELT

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SCHUBERT

VITTORIA

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A TRAPPISTINE NUN
FATHER RUSSELL WOOLLEN

AVE MARIA RECORD

sung by the famed Bonaventura Choir

One of the most beautiful and inspiring hi-fi recordings ever made for Catholics.

Hear Schubert's and Gounod's Ave Marias side by side along with nine other famous musical settings of the Latin Hail Mary. Enjoy beautiful singing while you enrich your knowledge in music and in the Church's liturgy.

The History of Music told in Ave Marias — from early Christendom until now. Styles of music have changed in each century. Early Christians sang melody without harmony. Vittoria's music is the style of William Shakespeare's time. Father Russell Woollen, world-famous composer now teaching at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., wrote his Ave Maria especially for this record to illustrate the wpical musical style of the 20th century.

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The History of the Hail Mary — told on the album jacket. The words of the Hail Mary were not composed all at once. The opening words were the greeting of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary. Elizabeth, The Blessed Virgin's cousin, uttered the next portion. The second half (the petition) of the prayer was added by the Church around the 16th century.

Beautiful Singing — The record was 3 years in the making. The BONAVENTURA CHOIR, one of the most famous and esteemed Catholic concert choirs in the whole world, excelled themselves in achieving their ideals of choral performance. Acoustical and technical recording conditions were long in testing to faithfully reproduce the natural, rich "church sound."

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SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or WRITE:



LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

rochial school but also erected a Church in what is now a neighboring parish-all with their own hands.

DESMOND D. DOLAN

GENEVA, N. Y.

TAPE-RECORDERS

I would like to thank you sincerely for giving our club, The Catholic Tape Recorders of America, International, that fine write-up in the March issue of your magazine.

We appreciate your kindness and feel certain that through your generosity we shall obtain many new members.

Promoting the apostolate of the tape recorder is a tremendous job and we desperately need all the national publicity we can attract.

Thank you for your co-operation,

JO ANN M. SCHROEDER CHAIRMAN—WOMEN'S DIVISION

DETROIT, MICH.

I would like to congratulate you on the wonderful coverage you gave to the Catholic Tape Recorders of America. It certainly is good to see that a magazine like yours is giving this worthwhile club the publicity it so well deserves.

Being stationed in Madrid. Spain, (I received a copy from a friend) and a member of this club, I can assure you that it certainly is a wonderful organization to belong to, being across the ocean and away from home. It brings the states and the world as close as your tape recorder. It was through similar publicity that I was introduced to the CTRA.

Again, thanks to the staff of The SEX for the booster!

A/2c Robert H. Smill USAF

NEW YORK, N. Y.

I was intrigued by the article on Catholic Tape Recorders. It is good to know about such an organization for Catholics. Congratulations on its appearance in The Sics.

Rev. R. L. Skriba

CHICAGO, ILI

RETARDED CHILDREN

Warm thanks and commendation to THE SIGN for its invaluable article "The School Bell Calls Our Retarded, Too," by Father Elmer H. Behrmann and Mr. Douglas Roche.

May the enlightened zeal of Father Behrmann, admired through our nation, be imitated in many more dioceses.

REV. JUSTIN X. SCHMITT, S.J. KANSAS CITY, Mo.

ROMULO'S FIRM STAND

I think THE SIGN is "tops."
I enjoyed the "Free World Must Stand

Firm" by Carlos Romulo.

I would like to remind our Canadian

political le pletely and Red China tion whate ment either reasons.

WALKERVIL

DISHPAN S

Being a age childre Young Me By God daily close of one's e port a ho discourage agly near tion and necessary day trials

HARTFORD.

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ulitical leaders that we Canadians comletely and absolutely oppose any entry of Red China into the U.N.-also any recogniion whatever of the Red Chinese Government either for political or commercial

JOSEPH DROMGOOLE

WALKERVILLE, ONT., CANADA

DISHPAN SOULS

Being a young mother of five pre-schoolge children. I most thoroughly enjoyed Young Mothers and Dishpan Souls."

By God's grace, I have found that a bily closeness to Him and an offering up of one's entire self and works can transport a housewife from days of weariness. discouragement, and frustrations to a seemngly new world filled with deep satisfacion and the inner peace and strength so necessary to successfully combat the everylay trials encountered.

MRS. EUGENE DUMONT

HARTFORD, CONN.

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Reference the "Current Fact & Comment" olumn, March issue: Subject, "Foreign Aid and Christian Conscience." If I read the "omment" correctly, I am amazed at the allous and stupid stricture against Americans who are fed up with supporting foreign nations. Into the bottomless barrel of foreign aid, it is reported that, since World War II, our government has given may to foreigners 60 billion dollars. In addition. Catholic and other organizations ave donated tens of thousands of tons d food and clothing. And vet, you advoate more foreign aid. .

No nation in history has emptied its purse like ours in aiding foreign nations. These same foreign nations have done little improve their people's lot in thousands f years, and yet you advocate that we who ave our own financial problems forever

absidize them. . . .

This overweening concern for foreigners stypical of American "Liberals" who view with equanimity the struggle of millions d Americans to make financial ends meet. four gratuitous slur on American charity can be atoned for only by an abject apology. JAMES T. LAPPAN

VALENCIA, PA.

UNSTEADY MOTHERS

Re: March, 1959 issue-"Views in Brief" Unsteady Mothers.

Premature mixing, "Bosh!" What's strong with letting kids learn at a very early age that you can enjoy the company of the opposite sex-but you don't have be in love!!!! Let them learn to dance as a form of game or recreation then maybe they will later enjoy it for shat it should be-not a form of necking. Then when the boys get to college they will be able to mix socially without getting all "soused up." They don't know how to

(Continued on page 81)

How to overcome your fears and tensions

Thousands throughout the world have done so by applying the common-sense formulas in

ACHIEVING PEACE of HEART-By Narciso Irala, S.J. Translated by Lewis Delmage, S.J.

In this fast-moving age of stress, more and more people are turning to doctors and psychiatrists to obtain relief from their fears and apprehensions, read or imaginary. In most cases such professional ministrations are unnecessary. You can stop letting things "get on your nerves" and you can overcome your emotional disturbances by simply adopting the easy methods prescribed by a great Catholic psychologist who himself was at one time on the verge of a nervous breakdown. In ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART Father Narciso Irala shows how frustrated people can enrich their lives spiritually, morally and physically. By following the simple methods he lays down, you too can enjoy the peace and tranquility which is your rightful heritage.

ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART is not a technical book on psychiatry, although many practicing psychiatrists apply its teachings. It is also noteworthy that Father Irala is the only priest ever invited to speak before the medical faculty of the University of Mexico. His book was written for laymen with troubled hearts, minds and consciences. Best evidence of its effectiveness is found in the fact that more than 100,000 copies have already been sold. So beneficial has it been that it has been printed in Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Polish. Now the volume is available to you in English.

Father Irala shows that most human ills and emotional difficulties are mental, not organic. Clinical records disclose that 96% of those afflicted with gastric colitis harbored feelings of resentment; 75% lived in a continuous state of dejection; most diabetics and cardiacs suffer from some form of emotional trouble; and the majority of people with arterial hypertension had their troubles rooted in negative factors such as anger, fear, hatred and anxiety. What a blessing it would have been if all these unhappy people could have had access to ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART!

RESULTS THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

Read these unsolicited testimonials from people who have been helped by following the advice to be found in ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART:

A WRITER: "By following your advice I conquered the insom-nia which I found such a burden, and am now a happy man." .

A STUDENT:
"A year ago I attended your lectures and now
the continual headache which I used to have
when studying has completely disappeared."

A TEACHER:

A LEACHER: "I was on the point of abandoning the teaching profession because of a feeling of inferiority and continual blushins. Your explanations and auto-suggestive exercises brought back my lost control within a few days."

A BUSINESS MAN:
"I used to have fits of anger and impulses to stielde which were embittering my existence and that of my family. With your method I have im-proved so much I am like a child with a new toy."

. A DOCTOR:
"Since your lecture, I have regained my optimism, work with greater efficiency and less fatigue, and sleep better."

A LAYMAN:
"My wife had been suffering from persistent in-somnia for six months. Now she sleeps perfectly due to the fact that you interviewed her and ex-plained what you say in your book about resting."

WHAT Achieving Peace of Heart WILL DO FOR YOU

There is nothing "magical" about Father Irala's methods. They are simplicity itself. You are shown how, with little effort, you can reverse all negative thinking habits which lie at the base of most human ills. There is set forth for you a proven method of re-educating the mind and gaining coursely was a serious control or serious course. proven method of re-educating the mind and gaining control over your personal feelings. You learn how to Think constructively, how to Relax, how to master your Sexual Instincts, how to make the best of Misfortunes, how to "live with yourself" and surmount the obstacles which seem to block your pathway to daily happiness. In short, you are shown, by simple formulas and exercises, how to replace your worries, your scruples, your personnel your personnel

YOUR SIX BEST DOCTORS

Remember, ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART is NOT a "medical" book. It is written in lay terms which anyone can understand and apply. Your six best doctors. Father Irala emphasizes, are the Sun, Water, Air, Exercise, Diet and Joy. What blessings are in store for you if you will only learn how to use them according to the methods laid down by this renowned Catholic teacher!

ORDER NOW - WITH THIS 10-DAY RETURN PRIVILEGE

You take no chances in ordering a copy of ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART. You have nothing to lose but your anxieties and frustrations. Return the coupon at the right with your check or money order. If, after 10 days, you are not completely satisfied with this unusual book, you may return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.



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INVERTISING and subscription inquiries should be addressed to the Business Imager. Advertising rates furnished on request. EDITOBIAL manuscripts abund be addressed to the Editor. They should be represented an excompanied in return postage. Manuscripts accepted are addressed to publication date. THE SIGNS is owned, edited and published samily at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers (Legal Title: Passionist Pathers (Legal Title: Passionist Pathers (Legal Title: Pussionist Pathers) of the editor must be obtained for reproducing any portion of the

contents. SUBSCRIPTION: \$4.00 per year, two years for \$7.00; three years for \$10.00 in the U.S., its possessions, and Canada. For foreign subscriptions add 50e per year. Checks or money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. Orders for renewals or changes of address should be received at least four weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should be given. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index. Second Class postage paid at Triion City. N. J., and at additional mailing offices.

Summit Suicide

HE REDS' demand for a summit conference on Berlin and the German question is mere effrontery. We are in West Berlin by right and by agreement with Soviet Russia. Khrushchev declares that—with or without a peace treaty or agreement of the West—he will change the status of West Berlin. If he has no regard for past agreements on Berlin, why should we trust new ones reached at the summit or at any other level?

The latest summit meeting was at Geneva in July of 1955. It solved the German question. Khrushchev himself hailed the results, saying: "The Geneva Conference was of historic significance . . . its distinctive feature was the spirit of co-opera-

tion and mutual trust."

Here's the agreement reached at that summit conference: "The heads of government have agreed that the settlement of the German question and the reunification of Germany by free elections shall be carried out in conformity with the national interests of European security. The foreign ministers shall make whatever arrangements they may consider desirable for the participation of, or for consultation with, other interested parties."

What happened? The foreign ministers met four months later and the Reds reneged on their word. They refused flatly to honor their agreement and made counter-proposals that would have involved the continued division of Germany and the dis-

solution of the Western security system.

Now the proposal is to go back and start all over again. What reason have we to believe that

the Reds won't rat on their word again?

Geneva wasn't the exception. It was the rule. The Reds have never honored their agreements. Yalta is, of course, the classical example. The official report of this conference stated that the representatives of Britain, the U.S., and Soviet Russia reaffirmed "a principle of the Atlantic Charter—the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live—the restoration of sovereign rights and self-government to those people who have been forcibly deprived of them by aggressor nations."

Sweet words—but that's all they were to the Reds. Take a look at a map showing the part of Europe overrun by the Red army. Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia have been gobbled up and their people exiled to Siberia. East Germany, Poland, Hungan, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Bulgaria, and Albania are subject states, ruled by Communist overlook appointed and directed by Moscow. All are ground under the heel of the Red army.

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How can we trust people who treat agreement

that way?

And how have the Reds acted since the General Conference? They promptly proceeded to stir up trouble in the Near East, to drown in blood the Hungarian revolt, to blackmail members of NATO with threats of nuclear missiles, and then to threaten war if they don't have their way in Germany.

Up to the present the Reds haven't given the slightest indication that they will make or keep at

acceptable agreement with the West.

In any summit conference in the future, the first item on the agenda should be a discussion of what has happened to the agreements made at other summit conferences. The question to be answered at the summit is whether summit agreements are a scrap of paper to be torn up at will by the Reds.

Khrushchev can have peace for the asking and he knows it. The Reds started and are continuing the cold war. It's up to them to call it off. The don't need a meeting of any kind to do that.

HE IMMEDIATE object of the Reds is domination of Europe. They are attempting to threaten us into admitting their control of Eastern Europe. They want to climinate West Berlin as a beacon of freedom in an ocean of Communist despotism. They want one-sided disarmament, unsupervised control of atomic weapons, a neutral or Red Germany, the withdrawal of armed forces from central Europe in a way that would crowd the West against the Atlantic Ocean, leaving the Red free to maneuver for the final military assault.

The Reds hope to accomplish at least some of this at another summit conference. They still hope that we shall spare them the trouble of slaughtering

us by graciously committing suicide.

Father Ralph Gorman, CP.

CURRENT



FACT AND COMMENT

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

The Conference on Unemployment, held by organized labor in Washington last month, dramatized an issue that will be much discussed in the near future. For the first time in many

Automation and Unemployment

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decades, we have reached a stage of highly industrial production, solid profits, good sales, and yet are confronted with a fairly substantial level

of persistent unemployment. The 1957 recession seems to have given way to renewed prosperity. This time, however, in contrast to recent business dips, job levels did not spring back as rapidly as production levels. Factory production in particular is requiring about one million fewer workers than were needed in 1955.

The cause of this decline is usually described as automation. It would be more accurate to use the European term "rationalization," which comprises *every* effort to cut costs and sep up production efficiency (not merely efforts involving new machinery and techniques). Industrial leaders have found that, given present wage costs, it is often cheaper to substitute machines for men.

Of course, not all unemployment results from efficiency changes. There are regions suffering from "sick industries,"

such as hard coal. Other areas feel the impact of the movement of industry to the South and West. Some States, such as Michigan, have both problems. Automobile production is being increasingly automated, and new industries, so far, tend to shun Michigan in spite of its reserve of labor.

Finally, we should not overlook the areas of farm unemployment or "underemployment." Over two million farms are marginal, in the sense that they lack capital, suitable soil, or other requisites for profitable production.

The listing of the sources of unemployment illustrates the complexity of the problem. It also strongly hints that some of the easy solutions offered, such as public works, may not be real answers. What can be done to solve the problem?

The official line taken by many Democratic spokesmen is that the government should deliberately seek a deficit, so that the resulting inflation would spur business production to full capacity. This suggestion is debatable on two points. In the first place, the deficit spending of the Thirties never cured unemployment.

Even more controversial is the idea that inflation can be a good thing. Apart from its effect on the aged, workers on fixed salaries, and any who have invested in bonds or life insurance, there is the problem of long-range business

The gifted and versatile
Clare Boothe Luce
studies Brazil as she
prepares to assume
new post as U.S.
Ambassador to Rio. She
proved an excellent
representative during
1953-57 stint as
Ambassador to Rome



reaction. In the short term, inflation may stimulate business buying. When it is prolonged, it frustrates reasonable planning and becomes deeply disruptive.

A safer approach to the problem involves two stages. The first is human concern for the hardship of joblessness. This means continuing unemployment compensation, training for workers who need to learn new and needed skills, and aid for those who wish to move out of permanently depressed areas.

The second stage involves stimulation of business growth. This means, in part, attracting new industry to depressed areas. More than that, it calls for across-the-board incentives, such as adjusting taxes that impede business growth. Perhaps we need a new Hoover Commission in this area.

In October, 1957, Sputnik had hardly whizzed into orbit than the British press began to yell for a conference "at the summit." It mattered little that the Kremlin was capitaliz-

Summitry and Public Opinion

ing on Sputnik I, beating the war drums and demanding a summit meeting while refusing to state what they wished to talk about. The British Labor

Party and the British press seemed panicky to the point of indecency in demanding we meet the Soviets at the summit—even though Khrushchev offered to discuss nothing more definite than "hors d'oeuvres." Fortunately, the British Labor Party is not the same as the British Government. Happily, too, President Eisenhower helped recapture some dignity in the matter by pointing out that summit meetings between heads of state are solemn affairs and should be prepared for adequately by proper overtures.

The current unwilling trek of the Big Four powers toward a meeting at the summit is largely pressured by popular opinion—particularly British public opinion. After the meeting at Camp David between President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan, the Big Three issued statements. On condition that the foreign ministers conference in May should give promise of a fruitful meeting at the summit, then the British will be "glad to participate:" the French will be "disposed to accept a conference:" The Americans will be "ready to participate." The Germans seem to shrug a rather indifferent agreement to go along as the Big Three decide. Among the Western leaders there seems to be about as much enthusiasm for a meeting with the crafty Soviets as there would be among a board of directors of the SPCA compelled to attend a convention of bull fighters.

It is understandable that a frightened people should clutch at last straws—or what they think are last straws—for peace. If a summit meant advantage or progress toward real peace, public pressure would be justified. But public opinion can be very fickle, especially if it is ill-informed and not aware of the real issues at stake.

Our leaders well understand the long and slimy record of Soviet perfidy in making and breaking treaties. Informed men know that you do not negotiate with the Soviets as you do with normal people—even with jungle tribes. At best you make a "deal" with them as with powerful leaders of the underworld. Bent on world domination, ready for any crime toward that end, confirmed liars, the Soviets do not seek peace based on justice—they seek the iniquitous Pax Sovietica—that mythical peace which is supposed to come upon earth when all men on earth are convinced Communists and all other men are dead. In these days popular opinion could well afford to ponder the words of Secretary of State Dulles, spoken at his press conference in January, 1958. He said, "We do not run the foreign policy of the United States with a view to winning a



Progress and regress in the Negroes' struggle for right above, two students from Charlottesville, Va., a beside Negroes in an Atlantic City, N.J., high school, where southerners examined integration in action below, Chief Kunthembwe and wife, victims of violence in Nyasaland, Africa, examine remnants of burned home



More than 20,000
persons fought a
two-mile traffic
jam to welcome
Bishop John J.
Wright to
Pittsburgh during
six-hour at-home.
No greeting
was warmer
than his mother's







Evidence that the Kremlin maintains an iron grip on Hungary, Soviet troops parade through Komarom, near Hungarian-Czecho-Slovak border. Though 30,000-50,000 soldiers are stationed in the suppressed nation, the government-controlled press rarely mentions them





RELIGIOUS NEWS

Fifty years of distinguished service to Catholic life in the U.S. is being marked by America, national Jesuit weekly. First editor was Father John J. Wynne (left), now able Father Thurston Davis

An estimated 3,500,000
Russians are expected to
see this model home at
the American National
Exhibition in Moscow this
summer. Herbert Sadkin
(left), builder, shows it to
Harold McClellan, show boss



UPI

The tender smile of Pope John XXIII goes out to yet another group, the sick and aged, who were received in special papal audience. Afflicted are his concern



Germany's Adenauer (right), stepping down as Chancellor, and France's de Gaulle, two outstanding Catholic statesmen, have dramatized the key fact of Western unity: the fate of all Atlantic partners is inseparable and indissoluble



popularity contest. We do things, and we have to do things, which we know are not going to be popular."

Headlines are important sources of news for a nation that likes its news pre-digested. But the capsule treatment of news reports can, at times, be very misleading. Just as

Watch Those Headlines

great thinkers are often misinterpreted by their overenthusiastic disciples, so too, good reporters are sometimes the victims of the caption

writer overanxious to make big news. A case in point is a certain news report of the Easter sermon preached by His Holiness, John XXIII, delivered at St. Peter's in Rome. The report appeared on page 28 of the March 30 edition of *The New York Times*.

The headline read: Pope Makes Plea for Summit Conference. In the present atmosphere of expectancy concerning the West's reaction to the Soviet demand for summit talks, this headline could mean only one thing to the public. It meant that in the current controversial and delicate matter of holding summit talks with the Soviets, the Pope had taken a definite stand of approval. This was "news." However, on reading the report, the meaning of the headline vanished into thin air. It was misleading.

The news report was frankly a journalist's interpretation. The journalist said that, in his Easter homily, the Pope had made "what appeared to be a plea for high-level talks to ease world tension." To support this interpretation, the reporter quoted the Pope as having expressed the hope that, "all those men who are most responsible for the fate of the peoples, may, in a spirit of justice and collaboration, find agreed solutions for all discords in the superior interest of world peace." Even allowing for the clumsiness of the translation, yet it is evident that here the Pope has not made any positive plea for the nations to hold the proposed summit conference. The Pope's wish and prayer is a noble one. All men of good will must surely have the same wish and prayer. But this is a far different matter from positive and unqualified endorsement of the proposed summit conference with the crafty Soviets.

While not presuming to speak for the Pope, we hold, with the American Government, strong reservations about any such top-level meeting.

"The day of the parish program devoted only to mere 'business' or to 'football film' is past—the day when the annual rally or parade was the apex of Catholic activity by men is

Lay Apostolate Ground Swell

gone" This observation was offered by Martin Work, Executive Secretary of the National Council of Catholic Men, holding their annual convention at

Hotel Statler in Detroit, April 1-5. From all appearances, Mr. Work is right. It becomes increasingly obvious that the movement of well-informed, well-trained lay apostles has become a permanent feature in the life of the Church today. Their task? To help the hierarchy in its mission of winning souls to Christ—instruction, missionary activity, building missions and churches—but also, to engage in a work peculiarly their own—to consecrate the world to Christ by working in their own areas of shop and factory; office and legislative hall; school and market place, etc.

The 2,000 men registered at this recent NCCM convention gave the impression of being well-organized, a growing army of dedicated people with a sense of spiritual purpose.

VIEWS IN BRIEF

The Pope and the World. What lessons "Good Pope John" is giving us in representing the warmth of the Catholic Church in his personal gentleness, kindness, and humor The secular press is intrigued by this fascinating man, and an abundance of articles (some by more knowledgeable writers than others, of course) is piling up. The current interest in the Papacy, however, has deeper roots than the personality of the new Pontiff who is the legatee of a humanitarian tradition established by the five previous Popes, We call readers' attention to Robert L. Reynolds' absorbing account, "The Golden Age of the Papacy," on the opposite page, and a sprightly piece which follows on colorful incidents revealing Pope John's character. Incidentally, a recent European TV film showing how the Pope spends his day has been hailed for its insight into Papal routine. After asking the photographers not to blind him with their lights, the Pope smiled and added, "Oh well, I pardon you in advance . . . I know that you are good people and I understand that you have to do your job."

Privations of Population. Fear of starvation by overpopulation appears to be the birth controllers' ace card. The necessary Catholic condemnation of contraceptives is too often interpreted as a negative approach to the population problem. It is un-Christian to rule out Divine Providence; nevertheless Catholics ought to be concerned about how six billion human beings are going to be fed in the next few years when a large percentage of the two-and-a-half billion people in the world today are starving. Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti, director of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, struck deep when he said it is regrettable that Catholic colleges "are not doing much, if anything," in food production and distribution research work. Catholic schools should prepare more technicians for underdeveloped areas.

To Reason Why. Another indication of the concern of business for the ethical aspects of its work is a statement by Allen E. Backman, executive vice-president of National Better Business Bureaus, that, although the ethical climate of the home improvement industries has improved, yet these industries should be seriously concerned over the 31,000 complaints they received last year. And Mr. Freeman, the vicepresident of a Chicago bank, recently urged business to treat their employees in such a way that they are happy, that their minds are relieved of fear, that their working conditions are pleasant, and that their contribution is respected. Why? Without these conditions present, they cannot be as productive as they must be if a business is to achieve maximum long-range profits." This is, of course, a concern of business. But the goal is yet beyond: to treat them this way for what they are as human persons and not only for what they can produce as employes.

Dissatisfaction. It can be a very good thing to be dissatisfied with our accomplishments. It might be, as Dr. Johnson said, "a most mortifying reflexion for any man to consider, what he had done, compared with what he might have done." It at least implies that we have a standard, an ideal, and that we are willing to recognize our shortcomings. These thoughts come to mind in reading a report of the second annual congress of the International Catholic Organization for Radio and Television. Compared with European shows, the United States shows were judged mediocre by the expert jurists. If we are as dissatisfied as the judges were, we may be driven to do something to improve our shows—even, perhaps, to raise our standards.

The GOLDEN AGE of the PAPACY

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now papal prestige through the world is the highest in four centuries.

Journalist Robert L. Reynolds tells why

The modern Popes have established a tradition of human compassion





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ST. PIUS X

N OLD MAN COME LATE to power walks the corridors of the Vatican, accustoming himself gradually to the white cassock, to the knees bent in reverence before him, to the cheers that roll in like a heavy surf wherever he appears. For a man of seventy-seven, Pope John XXIII walks firmly. Within weeks after his coronation, the wheels of Church government—become somewhat rusty these last years under a predecessor more concerned with his teaching role than with administrative routine—had begun to turn again.

The Pope pumped new blood into the College of Cardinals, not hesitating to put aside tradition and enlarge its membership. He has issued a call for an ecumenical council aimed at Christian unity—the first council in ninety years and only the second since the Counter Reformation. And for the austere personality of Pius XII he has substituted an image of warm humanity.

John XXIII will need all the vigor and initiative of which these moves give evidence, for he faces a formidable array of problems. One-third of the world's Catholics live in Latin America, where illiteracy and poverty grind down the great majority, where a lingering anticlericalism makes tenuous the old Faith's hold on the intellectuals, and where the shortage of priests is alarming. In China the native Catholic hierarchy, so recently and carefully erected, lies in shambles, its titular head, Thomas Cardinal Tien, a frail and aging exile. Meanwhile, a powerful and sustained effort to lure Chinese Catholics into a schismatic "national" Church is growing. Behind the Iron Curtain, except for an uneasy peace in Poland, the Church has been reduced almost to silence, its clergy and people cut off from Rome. And in the emerging nations of Africa the Pope must walk carefully lest the existing Catholic structure, fruit of generations of unselfish missionary effort, be discarded along with the political trappings of colonialism.

And yet, along with these difficulties John XXIII inherits one great asset that, along with the grace of God, has enabled him to take up his task with confidence. This is the enormous prestige of the Papacy itself, not only within but outside the Church. The hour-by-hour bulletins on the final illness of Pius XII, and the messages of condolence from leaders of all faiths that poured into the Vatican after his death, were impressive evidence. So is the good will for his successor thus far evidenced in all quarters.

Yet these are only surface indications. The prestige has much firmer foundations. Indeed, not for four centuries, since the determined and able Popes of the Counter Reformation, has the stock of the Papacy stood so high in the public estimation. Even a Gregory VII, accepting the repentance of Henry IV at Canossa, even an Innocent III, humbling most of the crowned heads of medieval Europe, might have envied the universal homage which the Popes of the present century have enjoyed.

That papal prestige is something quite new in the modern world. They are well up in their eighties now, but there are men and women in Rome who remember the year 1881, when the body of Pope Pius IX, proceeding to its final resing place, had to be spirited by night through the streets of the papal city—and even then the attempt of a Roman mob to throw the corpse into the Tiber was barely averted.

Moreover, from a human viewpoint, the Papacy's new strength has an entirely different basis than any previous age of eminence in the long history of the office. The power of a Gregory or an Innocent rested either upon the Papacy's own temporal strength or upon a climate in which its moral strictures had direct political influence. Paradoxically, its present position is founded in large part upon a total divorce from temporal might; it flourishes despite an almost negligible political impact.

And finally, the respect which modern Popes enjoy is not limited to those who acknowledge their spiritual leadership. It would be quite natural for Catholics to honor their Supreme Pontiff, particularly since those who have held that exalted title in recent years have been men of intellectual brilliance and transparent goodness. What is wholly new is the regard in which the Pope is held outside the Catholic Church: not in a strictly theological sense—Protestant and Orthodox leaders greeted the announcement of the ecumenical council with some reserve—but at least as an authentic spokesman for the rights of man.

To some extent a pope, like any other public man, depends for his fame upon the memory of his contemporaries, which must seem to the Roman pontiffs, with their long perspective, terribly fallible and unmercifully short. Yet history has a way of restoring the deserving to greatness. Such a process of redress is now going on in the case of Pope Leo XIII, who did more than any other pope to create the favorable atmosphere of which John XXIII is the legatee.

When he received the tiara in 1878, Leo was an old man of sixty-eight, so frail that it was doubtful he would survive his coronation. He amazed everyone: he reigned until he was ninety-four, spending ten to twelve hours a day at his desk and retaining to the last an undimmed clarity and vigor of mind. The years were crammed with achievement.

When he took office the men around him-holdovers from the long reign of Pius IX-looked nostalgically backward toward the Papacy's days of power, though such days were irredeemably gone: the Papal States had been swallowed up by Italian nationalists in 1870 while the once-Catholic

Assistant editor of American Heritage, ROBERT L. REYNOLDS wrote The Story of the Pope (Dell, 1957).

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PIUS XI



PIUS XII

powers of Europe stood by without a protest. Shortly before its death Pius IX himself had addressed the shrinking corps of diplomats accredited to the papal court in wistful, pathetic words:

"Only yesterday I received a communication from the young gentlemen of the American College, begging. I should say demanding, permission to arm themselves and to constitute themselves the defenders of my person. Though there are few in Rome in whose hands I should feel more secure than in the hands of these young Americans, I declined their offer with thanks . . . I would be glad, gentlemen, to say that I rely upon the countries you have the honor to represent . . . But times are changed. The poor old Pope has now no one on earth upon whom he can rely. Relief must come from heaven."

Like his predecessor, Leo XIII became a voluntary "prismer in the Vatican" in protest against the seizure of his territories. But he was a political realist; he wasted no time in fruitless hope for their restoration. Nor have any of the Popes who have come after him. Indeed during recent years there has been at the Vatican a sense of relief which Pius IX would have regarded with sadness: the Popes now realize that with no kingdom to be concerned about save a token area the size of a golf course, the day is past when their pronouncements on the temporal order could be interpreted as the self-servings of an Italian prince.

A T LEO'S ELECTION Europe's Catholics, too, were looking backward—toward the monarchies which had vanished in the revolutions of 1848. Though the Liberal governments which replaced them gave their Catholic citizens ample cause for dissatisfaction—in France, for example, religious orders were suppressed and Catholic schools scularized—Leo realized that in opposing duly constituted authority Catholics were in a dead-end street. He himself lad come to terms with Modern Europe. Now, through careful diplomacy, by advising the soft answer, Leo forced the Church to do the same.

But it was in the realm of intellectual leadership that this Pope shone most brilliantly; it was here that he made his sand. "The age was, by its own profession, the age of the kights of Man," says the English historian Philip Hughes. "Leo XIII took up the implied challenge, and to the world that was the creation of 1789 he proposed the Papacy as the main guarantee of human freedom."

Just as he had counseled Catholics to co-operate with and work for the reform of their Liberal governments, now. in a series of remarkable encyclical letters, Pope Leo began to exhort them not to isolate themselves from the realities of modern life. Perhaps the greatest of these encyclicals,

Rerum Novarum was an effective Christian denunciation of unrestrained capitalism, then in its heyday. For its excesses Leo proposed to substitute a meaningful employer-employee partnership which, among other things, recognized labor's right to organize—this at a time when union leaders were considered fomentors of anarchy.

"Radical" recommendations like these earned Leo the title "the Socialist Pope." Unfortunately a generation had elapsed since Karl Marx had written Das Kapital, and the curtain was already descending on what Pius XI was to call "the tragedy of the nineteenth century"—the loss of Europe's working classes to the Church. Yet Leo's advanced thinking—brought up-to-date by Pius XI's own Quadragesimo Anno in 1931—helped lay a firm foundation for modern Catholicism's world-wide social action movements. There are few places in the world today where the Church can be called the servant of the rich.

N HIS OTHER ENCYCLICALS—On Human Liberty, On Christian Citizenship, On Civil Government, On Socialism—Leo broadened the dialogue between traditional Catholic thought and the new governments and ideologies which had arisen to challenge it. If the pronouncements of later Popes, and particularly those of Pius XII, received a sympathetic hearing outside the Catholic fold, it was not alone on their own merits: Leo had long ago accustomed the world to expect from the Papacy closely reasoned and highly relevant analyses of the largest human problems.

In the Library of Congress there exists a series of photographs of Pope Leo made inside the Vatican about 1900 and later mounted on circular racks in penny arcades; by turning a crank the viewer got the illusion of motion, so that in effect the photographs constituted one of the earliest movies. In it Leo appears as a gentle, kindly old man, smiling as he raises his hand to bless the photographer, and regarding the camera quizzically, as though he doesn't quite believe it can actually take pictures. His achievements as Pope belied his age and the apparent distrust of the new era: when he died in 1903 he had wrought a revolution within the Church and prepared it for the present century.

This century has posed two challenges to the Papacy. One is armed conflict of worldwide proportions, which twice has cruelly divided Rome's spiritual subjects and transformed the throne of Peter into what Graham Greene has called "the point of suffering, the needle of pain." The second, more serious challenge was ideological, its target not so much the Church or the Papacy as human freedom itself.

The Popes of the twentieth century—Pius X, Benedict XV, Pius XI, and Pius XII—have not been able to do very much to stave off either of its major wars. Yet their efforts in that (Continued on page 76)

John XXII

To Angelo Giuseppe Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, fell the number 15. This was his "cell." The date was October 25, 1958. In secret solemnity, the Sacred College of Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church was sealed forever from the outside world until a new Pope would be chosen to follow in the steps of Peter. The cell was located in the quarters of the Vatican's Noble Guards. Above its door was a plaque bearing two words "IL COM-ANDANTE" (The Commander). Cardinal Roncalli looked at the plaque, winked, and whispered to the attendant who had led him to his quarters, "You know, there's a mistake here. I only made sergeant in the army!"

Thus began the first of the little gems that tenderly crown the life of Pope John XXIII. Of course, no one can really say whether this first whisper is true. To do so would be breaking the solemn vows of silence imposed on all those within the secret conclave. Nevertheless, it has been embellished so many times around the Vatican that

most people believe it.

In his brief reign, Pope John has become almost a legend. And, as with some legends, it is sometimes difficult to separate fact from fiction. This article will stick to factual events which I have either witnessed or been told about by responsible Vatican officials.

I was in the office of L'Osservatore Romano, the semiofficial Vatican newspaper, when the telephone call came. It was only a few days after the election of Pope John. The caller was His Holiness himself to Osservatore Editorin-Chief Count Dalla Torre. He wished to see Dalla Torre-now! Never in his nineteen-year-long pontificate had Pope Pius XII called to request any presence in his private, papal apartment. The editor was astonished.

He returned an hour later with astounding news for his colleagues. Never again was the newspaper to refer to the Pope as "His August Holiness." Never again to refer to the "sublime thoughts of His Holiness." It would drop the regal adjectives and princely verbs and simply report "The Pope said . . ." By whose orders? The Pope!

A few days later, I chanced to be in Venice and listened to a local politician speak of Cardinal Roncalli. On the day following the death of Pius XII, a delegation of Venice Demo-christian City Fathers gathered at the Patriarchal Palace off St. Mark's Square to pay their condolences to the Cardinal. They rang the bell, a household attendant opened the door and, without a word, the men proceeded to climb the stairs to the Cardinal's quarters. All looked sad, bowing their heads, and said, "We are very sorry to hear the news of the Holy Father."

To their bewilderment, Cardinal Roncalli walked toward the group with a big smile. He clapped his hands and repeated an old Italian saying, "The Pope is dead. Well, we shall make another one!" He paused a moment for them to reflect and explained, "You see, this is a day of great joy. The Pope is in heaven!" The Cardinal obviously meant his smile and happiness. Almost immediately, he was telling with gusto of the dedication and saintly life of Pius. How happy he must be this day! The men left with light hearts.

"Angelo," as he has always preferred to be called by his close relatives-even as a cardinal-or "Roncalli" to priests and prelates of long association, has had moments of sadness. Maurice Cardinal

Feltin, Archbishop of Paris, told this story in Rome following the conclave

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"Cardinal Roncalli and I were els vated to the Red Hat on the same day I remember going immediately to the Nuncio quarters in Paris where he was stationed to bring him my compliments He was reading his breviary and, notice ing he appeared sad, I asked him the reason. Cardinal Roncalli answered:

"'I shall be leaving Paris and France and this is painful to me. It is painful to think of ending one's life amid the red tape of Rome. Here, I can still b a pastor. I am convinced that the life of a pastor is infinitely more fascinating. It is the finest ministry that a man can be offered in this life."

Cardinal Roncalli left France with tears in his eyes and only one last request, that the band at the train station play the "Marseillaise."

At a Vatican prelate's request, no names can be used concerning this glimpse of the private life of Pope John. On his solemn word, though the incident is true. The prelate told it this way:

"There is an old monsignor in the Vatican. He has served here many years. It has become known that the Pope wanted to make him a cardinal at the last consistory. The old monsignor however, requested to see the Pope and pleaded:

"'Your Holiness, I have reached many years. I love my work because it is quiet and I am not used to the bus life. I beg of you not to make me cardinal. Do not add another burden to my shoulders in my old age."

"The matter, apparently, was quietly forgotten. It was weeks afterward. An important feast day was approaching Pope John, as now has become less unusual around the Vatican, was seen taking a walk through some Vatican

JOHN J. CASSERLY, a widely traveled journalist, is Rome correspondent for the Hearst Headline Service.

The Joyful Shepherd

offices. He quietly slipped into the office of the old monsignor and said:

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"'I ask you with all my heart for a favor. Would you do me a great honor?' "The monsignor was surprised and

even dumbfounded but answered, 'Yes, Your Holiness.'

"The Pope said, 'I have no one to have dinner with me on the coming feast day. Would you do me the honor of sitting at my table—just the two of us?"

And so it came that the old prelate and the Pope dined together in the private papal apartment and no one in the outside world has ever known

this touching tale.

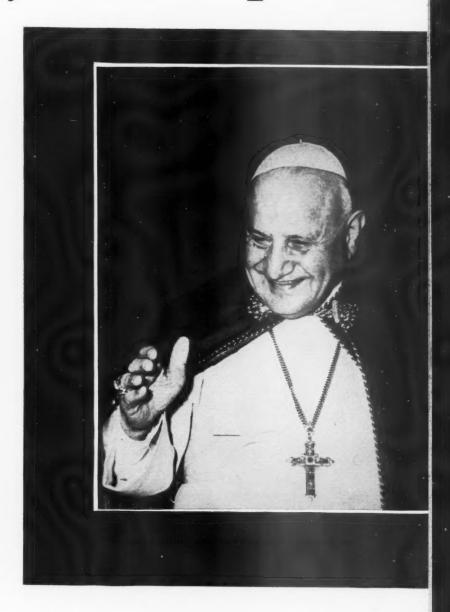
Few, of course, do not know that the Pope went to jail for seventy minutes—
a Christmas visit to Rome's prison, "Regina Coeli" (Queen of Heaven, so named because a church by that name was first built underneath the present structure). I had the occasion to question some young Roman Communists about the Pope's visit to the prisoners. They openly admitted that the announcement threw actual panic into the party leaders and an emergency meeting of the Red leaders was called

The party chiefs decided to "get to" Communists who were prisoners. They did. And the word was passed to ask the Pope all types of questions about the social and economic ills of Italy—even a query on a general amnesty. Guards got wind of the plan and quietly transferred the Reds to another jail before Pope John made his visit. The Holy Father knew nothing of the entire episode.

in Rome. What to do about this Pope?

The party chiefs, according to these young Reds, were both chagrined and embarrassed—chagrined because "they can't find fault" with the Pope and

(Continued on page 79)





Charles H. Keating, Jr.: "The public doesn't know how bad pornography is"

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THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH

Crusader without a horse

"What I like about the Citizens for Decent Literature," Cincinnati police chief Stanley R. Schrotel has been quoted on several occasions, "is that they aren't publicity-seeking crusaders riding a white horse." Actually, the Citizens are geared for the jet age and, in the past year, their campaign to push pornography off the newsstands has spread across the U.S. From a small beginning by fifteen businessmen in Cincinnati, the CDL methods are now used by 500 civic, fraternal, educational, and religious groups. The method is simple; to urge the public to encourage public officials to enforce the existing laws against pornography, which is a \$1 billion-a-year racket aimed especially at enticing juveniles into a web of moral destruction.

The philosophy of the CDL, which outlaws pugnacity and insists on courtesy, stems from the founder, Charles H. Keating, Jr., a thirty-five-year-old lawyer with a knack for getting along with people and vice versa. The CDL is nondenominational, nonpolitical. All that it can be attacked for, Keating maintains, is upholding the law and having people inform the courts about the level of community decency (a level which the U.S. Supreme Court has said is important in determining obscenity in a given case).

The inspiration for the CDL grew out of a retreat Keating made a few years ago. A nucleus of other interested men around him, the CDL began studying the volume and insidious effect of pornography. The father of five children, former all-American swimming champion and Navy pilot, Keating now gives talks from coast to coast. "People everywhere are rocked when they find out how easily this stuff gets into their children's hands," he says. Prosecution score in Cincinnati: eight convictions.



Mrs. Frances Lee: education produces understanding

Rancher among the Latins

In the midst of the struggle for better inter-American relations can be found a Spanish-speaking lady rancher and pilot in San Mateo, New Mexico, Mrs. Frances Marron Lee. In 1952 President Eisenhower appointed Mrs. Lee permanent U.S. delegate to the Inter-American Commission of Women. She has represented the U.S. at many assemblies in South America, and in 1957 her efficiency and international popularity resulted in her election as vice president of the Inter-American Commission.

A graduate of the University of California at Berkeley and a former schoolteacher, Mrs. Lee has also worked toward the improvement of New Mexico's rural schools, where neglected education has for long gone hand-in-hand with poor economic status.

Mrs. Lee's husband, Floyd W. Lee, is a former New Mexico legislator. Her twin children, Harry and Harriet, manage the Lees' ranch, which also has an interesting story: deeded by the King of Spain in 1756, it was used by Lew Wallace for writing the classic *Ben-Hur*.

WOMANOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

Youth and Dollar Signs

TO JUDGE FROM A RECENT documentary television program, young people no longer have stars in their eyes. They have dollar signs. The title of the program—Generation Without a Cause—was a misnomer. The young people had a cause all right, but hardly one to be proud of.

A group of boys and girls, students in one of our oldest colleges, discussed their hopes for the future, and it was a future of pure selfishness—a nice home and family, a nice job, nice bonds, everything nice—that was the peak of their hopes. And the sad thing is that it is not their fault that they want a future in which the only idea is money and security.

The revelation was so staggering that Senator Fulbright, who said a few words at the end, was obviously upset. Such attitudes mark the beginning of the end of a great civilization's decline, he said soberly, and thought we should perhaps re-examine our way of life. John Ciardi, the poet, also taken by surprise, said that perhaps it was the conformity of their elders that made the young hide their own ideas. That I doubt, for there is nothing the young like better than to sound off against the ideas of older people. I think the terrible thing is that these young people were so complacent; they wanted nice futures with a house and family, which is certainly a good ambition. The trouble was that they wanted nothing else. Something was missing in them, something other generations had.

The next Sunday there was a second program on the same subject, at the same college, with other students. This was different. A lot of thinking had evidently gone on at the studio and college too. This time the talk was of ideals and such, but it was too pat to be a good discussion. It was clear the students were expected to come out with some deep thoughts and they did. But even so it all turned on themselves and not a word about the world and the people in it.

This time they had Robert Frost to finish off the broadcast and he recited one of his own poems, the brief one about the two roads and the choice that must be made. He took the less traveled road. It made a fine ending and a sad one too, for all the talk of the young people had been of taking the traveled road, the well-paved one, the one with split-level houses at decent intervals, places where no rumor of race relations or such unhappy facts seeped in.

Fault Not Theirs

NO USE IN BEING ANGRY at the young people. The fault is not theirs. Straws aplenty show this. In Philadelphia, public school teachers suggest taking Tennyson's Idylls of the King, Stevenson's Treasure Island, Crane's Red Badge of Courage, and other classics from textbook lists because they "can't keep pace with the fast pace of American life." That is taking the road Frost did not take, and with a vengeance. A newspaper shows, as nothing unusual, a picture of "a little jacket festively embroidered: price \$135." On Long Island, some people are kicking about a plain little prayer recited in the schools. Yet it says only, "Almighty God, we

acknowledge our dependence on Thee, and we beg Thy blessings on us, our parents, our teachers, and our country."

It is brief but it packs a punch when you read it over. It has implicit in it all that our people—young and old—need to say.

Are we not making our young people cynical when they see that men flout the law by using an amendment not meant to cover criminals or by appealing through expensive lawyers to use our good laws for their bad purposes? This we read every day in the papers and see only a few punished for this flagrant misuse of their rights as citizens. I don't mean to say that this is what young people want to do with their lives. I mean only that selfishness and disregard for law seem sometimes actually to bring rewards and they see it. What are they to think?

When the men's wear industry is told at a meeting that it must "create fashion obsolescence in order to capture more consumer dollars"—when teachers say at a national council that "a collection of memorized techniques are no longer the desideratum" and speak of the "mathematics of uncertainty" as a great theme—when recently a professor of education at Boston University said high schools are often found wanting when judged under the criteria that their "primary function is to change or modify behavior in all life activities"—one wonders, or perhaps one ceases to wonder and just feels sorry for a generation surrounded by such nonsense.

Mental Guinea Pigs

SHOULD ONE WEEP OR LAUGH at these windy words, these phrases which lay all value on the material? They have their amusing side, but surely weeping is the right emotion when we realize how our children are used as mental guinea pigs by so-called educators who find no dreams, no spiritual values in the solar system. Yet no matter how many stars are discovered, there is still an unanswered question, one most of them do not even propound, and that is: who put the stars there? Behind the motion there is still a Mover. Yet when He is mentioned, as in the school prayer, the shout of objectors arises.

Is it really necessary that we go again through a great pain, a world-wide shattering and destroying of material possessions, in order that our children realize others must be helped? They would rise to such an occasion I feel sure. It is only that they have been lulled and dulled—and by the very people who should be doing the opposite to them.

"America is the best discovery yet of a full and honorable way of life," wrote Dean Alfange. "We are rich in all the things decent people yearn for. It is our task to live up to these values, for the truth about ourselves is more powerful than any man-made missile."

Surely it will not be necessary to have a missile burst over us to make our children, and the rest of us too, learn again that only these are the important things:

> "Honor and pity and truth, The heart and the hope of youth, And the good God over all."

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NEW HOPE

for the mentally ill

Hope born of understanding love can and should be communicated to the mentally ill by those who are well

by REV. PAUL REVERE

am a chaplain at a mental hospital, it is a large hospital, with two thouand beds. It is conducted by the Vettans Administration.

Because I am a priest, people often sk me where I am stationed. When I tell them I get ready to duck. The quesions come faster than Bob Turley's speedballs: How do you stand it? Isn't depressing? Have a lot of violent ases, don't you? Hopeless, aren't they? Now this annoys me. It annoys me because so many people have the wrong lant on the mentally ill. Far too many people today look upon the state of the mentally ill as depressing and hopeless. This defeatist attitude, based on ignorance, is most unfortunate. It is unfortunate because it keeps the mentally sick from getting the care and attention so sorely needed to help them back to normal health.

When we visit an ordinary hospital we naturally feel sorry for our sick friend. But our sorrow is sustained by hope. We seek to communicate that hope to our friend, whether he has heart trouble, tuberculosis, or any other serious efficient. This kindly optimism is a positive help to the sick in their battle for recovery.

Yet when people think of the menially ill, there are just far too many who consider them hopeless. This lack of hope tends to dry up the fonts of love and sympathy. You cannot love for long when you abandon hope for someone. Yet, anyone working with the mentally ill will tell you that mentally sick patients positively need to know that someone cares about them. Love is something that the sickest patient easily

recognizes and responds to. Hope, then, provides a ground for love and sympathy. Experienced workers, having seen so many cures, have such hope. Friends and relatives frequently need to be educated to it.

The National Association for Mental Health runs its annual campaign to alert the nation to the seriousness of the problem of mental health. The Association bombards the country, through posters, through radio, TV, and motion pictures, through lecture halls and the press, with the disturbing facts and figures: 17.000,000 Americans currently suffering from mental disorders; half the hospital beds in the country occupied by mental patients; this year, 300,000 new patients will enter mental hospitals; one out of every ten children being born this vear will likely enter a mental institution for treatment before concluding his life!

The facts are presented to beget action—to alert America to an imminent grave problem; to urge our wisest minds to ferret out causes and seek cures.

Certainly a great deal has already been accomplished and many are the patients who annually return to normal living. But while waiting for more expert knowledge of mental disease, there are some things that can be done and should be done immediately.

A major thing to be done immediately is for many people to change their attitude toward the mentally ill. The public at large still needs to be educated to the fact that a person suffering from a nervous or mental disorder is just as much a victim of sickness as a person who has a heart ailment, a kidney disease, or any other malady. Everyone

should realize that many of the mentally ill are affected only in certain areas of their mental activity while remaining quite normal in all other phases of their thinking and acting. Normal communication is possible in many areas of conversation.

Above all, people should recognize the basic dignity of a mentally ill patient. He's not an animal to be stashed away in isolated confinement. He is a human being. He is made in God's image and likeness. Above all, Christians should realize that he has been purchased by the Blood of Jesus Christ and is actually or potentially a member of the Mystical Body of Christ. "As long as you did it for one of these, the least of My brethren, you did it for Me."

Because of the staggering spread of mental disease today, each of us should be concerned about its nature, its causes and cures. It strikes indiscriminately: it is apt to pop up in any family. We all have a big stake in the cure of mental disease. And we all are, even now, able to be very helpful to those unfortunately afflicted. We can all offer sympathy, hope, and, according to our circumstances, loving care.

Inasmuch as I live on the hospital grounds, administer the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, offer consolation and advice to the patients and their relatives, my interest in this disease is much more than clinical. I know with certainty that it isn't depressing nor hopeless if everyone concerned is sincerely interested and motivated by a spirit of love.

As I perform my daily duties, I am constantly amazed at the rational answers

I get from patients said to be "out in left field"-from "faceless" men who live their lives behind locked doors. These amazing responses are often enthusiastically recognized by Catholic chaplains when called upon to administer the last rites-the Sacrament of Extreme Unction -to critically ill patients. About a week ago, for instance, I was called to the bedside of a long-term patient who was dying from a kidney infection. He was a middle-aged man and had been catatonic (a psychotic manifestation which keeps a person from talking or communicating with anyone) for years. The first thing a priest does when administering this sacrament is to determine if the patient is conscious and able to communicate his thoughts. Even though I knew this man was catatonic, I questioned him. "Do you know who I am?" I asked.

"The priest," he answered.

"Would you like to make your confession?" I asked. "You are very sick and may not live."

He said he would like to make a good confession. He also told me he loved Almighty God and asked Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to pray for him. His confession was very rational. Two days later he died. This is definitely not depressing nor hopeless work when we consider man's eternal destiny.

I'll never forget my first day at the hospital. It was a Sunday—my real working day. I was truly a layman in disposition, because the popular conception of the mentally ill haunted me as I prepared for my ministrations. I asked myself if I had been thinking rationally when I volunteered for this work. No matter how I reasoned with myself, I could not stamp out the false idea that these people were different. Very consciously I adverted to the many bizarre stories attributed to mental patients.

As I approached the altar to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I had many misgivings about my ability to help these unfortunate men. To be perfectly frank, I was scared. For heaven's sake. I thought, they may come up and pull at my vestments, light a cigarette from the Mass candle, or, God forbid, upset the chalice of the Precious Blood. My mind was active with possibilities. Soon it was time to read the Sunday Gospel and deliver the sermon. As I walked over to the pulpit, I felt limp and horribly inadequate. When I gazed out at my congregation, I did not have the slightest recollection of the sermon I had prepared. But the Holy Ghost, I now realize, was on my side because I was able to introduce myself. That settled

"I'm Father Paul Revere, your new chaplain," I said.

From somewhere in the depths of my new congregation a voice welcomed me: "You're in the right place, Father."

I smiled to myself. I could have kissed him. Such a welcome allayed all my fears and I shall never be frightened again. His welcome taught me that the mentally ill have a sense of humor. Good, wholesome humor helps resolve any problem.

From that day on, I have almost daily been given samples of such uninhibited behavior; for example, on Christmas and New Year's mornings, when I stood in the pulpit and wished my flock a Blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year, I had many responses. Some might think this is a manifestation of mental illness. I believe it is their desire to belong, to participate, to return friendship and love that has been lacking in their lives for a long time. It is a manifestation of their sincerity and childlike honesty which I so often notice. It is definitely a quality that can be worked with effectively and fruitfully.

The relationship between a priest and a Catholic layman is unique. Everyone calls us "Father." Because of this spiritual fatherhood, Catholics have no qualms or misgivings about approaching us without any hesitation to talk about their most perplexing and intimate problems. Patients are constantly seeking me out for all sorts of advice and help and, very often, merely to sit down for a friendly chat.

One afternoon a patient dropped into my office for some "light talk" as he called it. There really isn't any light talk in this business—it all adds up at the end of the day on the black side of the ledger—for talk is the device that helps, more than we know, any emotional problem. By talking to an understanding and sympathetic listener, the sick person brings to the surface things that have been suppressed and are unconsciously disturbing him.

Johnny finally got around to the sermon I preached at Mass that morning. In it I spoke of the Blessed Virgin as the "Hope of the hopeless." This title was not invented by me—it was given to her centuries ago. Apparently Johnny had not heard it before.

"Father," he said, "when you spoke of the Hope of the hopeless this morning, I listened for the first time in ten years that is, really listened. I've considered myself hopeless for years. Boy, us guys really need hope. And, as you said, to

whom shall we turn if not to the Mother of God?"

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We are living in an age that experiences little hope. Surely, we have made great material progress. Millions of cars travel our highways, television antennas top every home, jet planes zoom across the continent in four hours and we are sending man-made moons streaking through the heavens. But have these wonders canceled out the miseries? We know they have not. Our daily papers give us the answer-broken homes divorce, juvenile delinquency. alcoholism, sex offenses, and all other sorts of crime are at an unprecedented high The middle-aged person of today has witnessed two great wars and again is hearing serious threats of another. These sores on our culture cause many souls to lose hope. Never for a moment should we forget that loss of hope breeds fear and deep-seated traumatic experiences and despair. We chaplains in mental hospitals have this spelled out every day.

The mentally sick realize they are not well and that they need help. They are looking for help. Why doesn't every one realize it? An occasional visit from a relative or friend who comes with an encouraging smile, a pleasant word, a prayer of hope, does wonders in helping the sick person back to tranquillity.

Two years ago Pope Pius XII changed the fasting regulations for the reception of Holy Communion. Before the change a person wishing to go to Communion had to fast from all food and drink from midnight. Since the change, one has only to fast one hour from liquid and three hours from solid foods. Here a certain middle-aged patient receives Holy Communion every Sunday. One Sunday morning it was obvious he had eaten eggs for breakfast-some of them were still on his white shirt. Before he began his confession I said to him, "You have already eaten, you cannot go to Communion.'

"Only three hours fast now, Father." he quickly replied.

This man has been a patient for a number of years. Because of exceptionally poor hearing he is retiring and a little shaky in his walk. One might get the impression that he is "way out in left field" but in reality this sick man is aware of much. He is aware of the requirements for receiving Holy Communion. With the present advance in medicine and his great confidence in the Lord, there is much hope for him.

What is this advance in medicine that offers such great hope for the mentally sick? In recent years many new drugs have been discovered. They are called tranquilizers. By themselves they do not bring about any permanent cures, but they do have a soothing effect on

REV. PAUL REVERE served for four years with the Air Force during World War II.

After discharge, he entered the seminary. He is now chaplain at a Veterans'

Administration hospital.

agitated, depressed, and anxious persons. Patients who are in states that prevent approach or reasonable conversation with their doctors can now be reached with the use of the tranquilizer. These drugs render their temperament and manner conducive to therapy.

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Perhaps, someday, medication will cure a good portion of mental illness. However, an illness that is associated with the whole person must, in my opinion, have the entire person treated. The causes of mental disease often go to to depths of a man's soul, to his basic outlook upon life, his sense of right and wrong, his relation to his Creator and to his fellow men. So, regardless of what progress is made in medicine, two other things are absolutely vital in bringing about permanent cures. Our Lord taught us both-love and patience. The need for love and patience in this area of social relations was very succinctly stated by Pope Pius XII when speaking to an international gathering of psychiatric nurses. He said, "It is not 50 much the external medicines that heal them (mentally ill) as it is the company of healthy, harmonious spirits, who are able to give them back a calm and friendly outlook on the world and

People working in the field of mental health often see manifested the antithesis of Pius' formula. I have a classical illustration of this lack of love and patience. The daughter of an elderly patient on one of her very infrequent visits asked to see me. Her father has a number of eccentricities. I'll admit, but I am fond of him. He is a pleasant little man whose appearance reminds me of Clifton Webb, the actor. He dresses neatly, is immaculately clean, and is able to carry on a brisk conversation. His daily routine is a visit to our little chapel, coffee in the canteen, a leisurely walk around the hospital grounds, and an enthusiastic reading of the New York Times. He will, on occasion, look at a television show if it promises to be above the grammar school level of entertain-

It was immediately obvious that the daughter was bitter and perturbed over my interest in her father. After I had listened to her complaints for some time, lasked, "You do not want me to be nice to your father?"

"You understand correctly," she replied.

I informed her that this request was impossible and inconsistent with my vocation in life; and, furthermore, I planned on taking her father out to dinner in the near future.

"I suppose you'll send me a bill," she snorted.

I took my friend to dinner at the rec-

tory of a priest whom I had once assisted. This priest is pastor of a new church and school that is modern in design and severely different from the church architecture my elderly friend was used to when hospitalized some thirty years ago. During the dinner the lonely layman showed himself to be a brilliant conversationalist, able to adapt himself to the table talk of priests and intelligently discuss church design and the skyrocketing cost of production with the flare of a modern business man. His first venture into society outside the walls of a stigmatized institution was highly successful. When I dropped him off at his ward that evening, he cried as he told me how very much he enjoyed being out with me.

I was in the hospital a short time when another gentleman made himself known to me. He was a "committed patient." This means he was declared legally incompetent by a judge. Such a person is given a legal guardian who administers all of his worldly possessions. Two and a half years in a mental institution had not dampened the spirit and determination that brought him up the ranks from Seaman to Commander, USN, Retired. The salt still bubbled in his veins and he stood with the squared deliberateness of a sailor on a bridge in a raging squall. He still walked with a swagger. At seventy-four years of age and with a serious bout with mental illness behind him, his mind was clear and full of a lifetime of memories and hopes.

When we met, his case was dormant, His wife was reluctant to sign him out of the hospital and it appeared as though the commander was irrevocably beached, even though he had the courage, stamina, and ability to return to duty as a useful member of society outside an institution. For some reason the social work department at the hospital was not active on the case. When I persuaded them to take up the case, they got to work immediately-searching out all the possibilities for salvaging a soul of seventy-four. After some months they unearthed a delightful family, living in country surroundings, who were happy to have the commander live with them.

The placing of patients in private homes is called "family care." This program has been used for many years, with fine results, in placing orphaned and dependent children in happy surroundings. It is new in the field of mental health, but it is proving to be an excellent help in rehabilitation. (Anyone interested might contact the Social Service Department of any mental hospital.) After the patient has been in a situation of this kind for a period of six to twelve months, without any serious

setbacks, his case is reviewed by a board of doctors and usually he is officially discharged from the hospital. My friend has been with his family for almost a year. It is only a matter of time before he will be discharged as medically and legally competent. I feel the salvation of this good soul, rich mind, and grand personality was wrought through the presence of a priest to whom a man of faith felt free to turn.

When I came to the hospital Dr. Trollinger, the Manager, and Dr. Weitz, the Director of Professional Services, told me, "We must all work as a team in order to be successful." I had heard and read much about the friction and differences of opinion that exist between religion and psychiatry. I am happy to say my skepticism is resolved. Of course there are many people here who do not hold to the principles and dogmas of the Catholic Faith, but I feel safe in saying that the great majority recognizes a spiritual element in man's makeup. This spiritual element is respected and the chaplain is used to great advantage. I am free to hear confessions and administer the Sacrament of Penance as I see fit. . . . I am a welcome participant in many initial and diagnostic staff meetings. I am free to question the patients, air my observations, offer my opinions.

For ages the mentally ill were considered lost and hopeless. More often than not they were shunned as one might shun the plague. Fortunately, we are overcoming such erroneous attitudes. More and more people realize that, in reality, mental patients are merely sick people with sensitive souls who know they need help. But if they are cast off by those who can help, they become immersed in the mire of despair and seldom emerge. We all must suffer to some degree. But mental suffering is by far the most intense. Our Lord demonstrated this when He sweat beads of blood the night before He was crucified. When you are privileged to come in contact with the mentally ill give them the best gift you can-show them your love.

Certainly, in many cases, mental illness remains baffling. We have only begun to scratch the surface. Many as yet are never cured. There are many relapses. Experience, however, has clearly shown that the mentally ill respond favorably to love and kindness and patience. If we are determined to continue the fight. with all of our individual resources, one day "we who inhabit the world of the healthy will learn to what great extent we are in debt to those who inhabit the world of the sick." (Pius XII) While waiting for the perfect cure, give them your love. Only in heaven will you know how much hope you then gave to the "hopeless."



what is an

ALTAR BOY?

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He's an energetic lad with the qualities of generosity and service, who is privileged to represent the people on the altar of God





thove: Significance of the altar boy's tole is seen as he helps priest by lifting chasuble at the moment of Elevation

Above right: Scott moves the Missal. As solyte, he pours water and wine, rings the bell, and answers the prayers in Latin

Right: Scott picks up a pointer from an older server on proper handling of the flurible which contains burning incense

Mass over, Scott listens to comments by the pastor, Father Thomas F. Stack, whose parish is noted for love of the liturgy



The components of an altar boy can be determined by examining nine-year-old Scott Johnson, a red-haired, freckle-faced boy who lives in the Connecticut town of East Hampton, tucked away in a fold of wooded hills. For a week every month Scott trudges off to St. Patrick's Church, dons cassock and surplice, and steps out on the altar to help the priest at Mass. Scott is neither self-conscious nor brash, but goes about his duties with a matter-of-fact reverence, earning from the pastor, Father Thomas F. Stack, the tribute, "He's one of our most faithful lads." This means that bad weather, a momentary activity, or the comfort of bed fail to keep Scott from showing up.





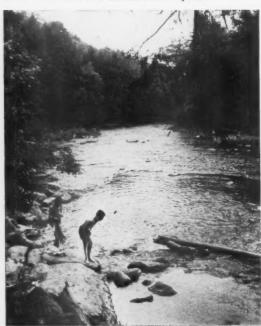
Scott (right, tront) listens in summer religion class, then he's off to boyish pursuits

REAL

Scott's world extends from the sanctuary to the ball field and swimming hole where he's one of the gang

With a dash of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn in him, Scott Johnson chums around with a band of lads who ride their bikes together, raise pets, have secret societies, and drink endless cokes. Scott is a special fellow, though, as he shows by taking care of the garden and lawn of an elderly neighbor. He's in fourth grade, is a cub scout, and has two sisters and three brothers. Comics, adventure stories, science fiction, and Mechanix Illustrated are his favorite reading. Like most nine-year-olds, Scott's ambitions are subject to change: last year he was set on being a baseball star, now a car mechanic.

Nearby Salmon River beckons Scott and his triends who live in rural atmosphere



The Johnson family's main luxury is pool table in basement. Homework comes first



With



With all the gritty determination he can muster, Scott lashes out at a ball. Photos of stars decorate his room



Scott leads his sisters on a carefree, merry chase. Tinkering with car engines has become a new, absorbing hobby



An altar boy who expends energy so fast, Scott says he "just can't wait for dinner"



WILL CATHOLICS AND ORTHODOX UNITE?

The Ecumenical Council will spotlight the basic religious difference — primacy of the Pope

Hardly had his reign begun when Pope John XXIII startled the world by announcing that rarest of modern events, an Ecumenical Council, a meeting of the Church's bishops and leading theologians. With global communications so perfected, many people have wondered, could not the Pontiff simply have asked for the bishops' opinions by mail and then issued a proclamation defining a doctrine or legislating discipline? That was what Pope Pius XII did in defining the dogma of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Some problems cannot readily be solved by the coldness of the printed word, or even the warmest of manuscript letters. They demand patience and charity, time and personal charm, as well as dispassionate theological reasoning.

The foremost of these problems is that of achieving unity in Christendom, of trying to close the ranks of the lovers of Christ against the onslaughts of modern paganism, of bringing together once more the brethren separated from one another centuries ago over issues, many of which are dead today. Such reunion is the chief purpose of the forthcoming Council. Among the separated Christians, the closest to Catholics in doctrine and discipline are the Eastern Orthodox. They will be the Pope's immediate concern in the Council.

Who are the Eastern Orthodox? (See summary Page 33). How do they differ from Catholics? Why the separation? Is there any possibility of reunion? What practical problems will have to be resolved by the Council?

First, we must recall that Our Lord at the Last Supper gave us only the most necessary parts of the Mass: an offering, a consecration, a communion; these are the three essentials of the Eucharist's sacrifice. For about 300 years the liturgy was in a state of flux, that is, it varied greatly because of time and place-celebrated often in secret. hiding from the Church's persecutors, offered sometimes by an eloquent bishop who extended oratorically the great prayer of thanks we call the preface, or by a simple priest who summed up all the congregation's sentiments in a few direct phrases.

After Constantine's edict of toleration in the year 313, the Christians came out of hiding, built churches, and developed ceremonial. Missionaries fanned out into the surrounding areas, preaching the Gospel and taking with them the form of ceremonies they were accustomed to. The great cities of the ancient world became the centers of Christian culture and mission work.

The greatest of these were Rome in Italy. Antioch in Syria, Jerusalem in Palestine. Alexandria in Egypt, and somewhat later, Byzantium or Constantinople, the new capital of the Roman Empire. The bishops of these cities were called Patriarchs and their jurisdiction extended over the surrounding country. Their prestige and power were sanctioned by the first two great Ecumenical (world) Councils of the Church: Nice in 325 and Constantinople in 381. The patriarchates gave rise to the chief families of "rites" in the Church.

All the liturgies or rites preserved the two parts of the early Church's services: the so-called Mass of the Catechumens which was attended both by the baptized faithful and by those still under instruction (called "Catechumens"), and the Mass of the Faithful, at which only the baptized could be present. The Mass of the Catechumens consisted of prayers, hymns, and readings from Scripture and was based on the Jewish synagogue service. The Mass of the Faithful was the celebration of the Eucharistic sacrifice.

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The missionaries who set out to convert Eastern Europe came from the Greek empire with its capital at Constantinople; therefore Eastern Europe acquired the "Greek" or Byzantine Rite.

The missionaries who set out to convert Western Europe came from Rome or were authorized by Rome: therefore Western Europe acquired a Latin Rite, usually the Roman Rite.

Thus Europe was divided among the two great rites of Christendom, Roman and Byzantine, or popularly Latin and Greek.

There was a united Christendom for 1,000 years. But the unity was not always warm and close. The eventual break began in the eleventh century. What caused it?

Tensions existed between East and West, between Latin and Greek, as far back as the fourth century, when Constantine first decided to move his capital from Rome to Byzantium. Various causes contributed to a gradual alienation between the two sections of the empire.

First of all, communications were never ideal. There was no postal sys-



An attendant in a Russian Orthodox church carries bread, oil, and wine to be blessed at Great Vespers service held before the chief feasts of the year

PICTORIAL PARADE

tem. When the Pope and the Patriarch wished to exchange letters, the documents had to be entrusted to paid emissies, often ship captains or sailors or monks who endured the mortification of a sea voyage and overland journeys on muleback to reach their destination. Moreover, the East gradually lost acquaintance with the Latin language, and in the West, very few tried to preserve a knowledge of Greek.

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In Constantinople the Patriarch would often depend on the Emperor's Latin secretary to translate the Pope's letters and the Pope would depend on Greek monks in or near Rome to translate the Patriarch's communications. Besides delays, the finer points in the missives were always in danger of being missed by the mediocre scholarship of some of the translators.

Add to this the constant interference of the emperors in Church affairs. There was some of this also in the West, of course; but in the East "caesaropapism" became practically an accepted way of life. The Oriental tendency to passivity, to suffering and enduring, hardly furnished the climate for nourishing a spirit of opposition to such domination.

In the East, the emperor was looked upon as the special representative of God's authority on earth. As there was only one god in heaven, so there could be only one Christian ruler on earth. The West, cruelly neglected by the Eastern-based Emperors, had to organize its own government and defense and acknowledged the rule of kings of its own. And when the Pope crowned Charlemagne as emperor of the West

in 800, setting up a second emperor in the Christian world, the Greeks felt as if a sacrilegious outrage had been perpetrated upon Christendom.

Moreover, the line of demarcation between the jurisdiction of the Roman and Byzantine patriarchates was not clearly drawn, and Rome and Constantinople disputed about Illyricum (modern Yugoslavia), Bulgaria, and Magna Graecia (southern Italy and Sicily, Greek in rite and culture).

Constant interference by the Eastern emperors in the selection of Patriarchs of Constantinople resulted in the enthronement of many unworthy men.

The vast pomp of the imperial court reacted on the Church, and while it gave the Byzantine Rite a special splendor of ceremony, it also produced in the East a preoccupation with mere ritual accidents that obscured the proper vision of essentials. This manifested it self in the constantly increasing criticism of Western "crimes," such as the clergy shaving, using azyme (unfermented) bread, fasting on Saturday, abandoning the use of Alleluia during Lent, etc.

Although there was a formally united Church during the first thousand years of Christianity, there were several periods of actual schism between Constantinople and Rome. The most serious of these occurred in the ninth century, but was healed by the eighth Ecumenical Council, at Constantinople in 869.

The beginning of the schism's climax was the fatal date, July 16, 1054. The Papal legates in Constantinople solemnly excommunicated the Patriarch Caerularius. Why? Because he expressed his anti-Western sentiments by ordering the Latin churches of his city closed. He induced the Bulgarian metropolitan Leo to compose a diatribe against the differing Latin liturgical practices.

Caerularius ordered the omission of the Pope's name at Mass and worked hard to plunge the East into opposition to the West. It was a gradual process, but eventually he succeeded.

Historians question the prudence of the Papal legates who should have remembered that the excesses of one poorly informed patriarch did not necessarily represent the thinking of the whole East. Moreover, on July 16, 1054. Pope Leo IX, whom the legates represented, was already dead. Could they then still act in his name? Of course, they did not excommunicate the Greek Church, confining their action only against the patriarch, the Bulgarian Bishop Leo, and Caerularius' chancellor who threw the Latin Churches' hosts on the floor and trampled on them because they were of unleavened bread. Nevertheless, the legates' action furnished the occasion for Greek venting of spleen on the Latins.

During the next few centuries, the patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria were alternately Catholic and then Orthodox (the term applied to the separated Eastern church and its followers).

Professor of Comparative Theology and Eastern Liturgies at Fordham University's Russian Institute, Father Clement C. Englert, C.Ss.R., belongs to both the Byzantine and Latin rites by special permission of the Holy See. He is an expert on Orthodox Christians.

Finally, in the eighteenth century, a double line of patriarchs of Antioch came into being, one Catholic and one Orthodox. The Catholics of Byzantine rite in the Near East today number 175,000.

The schism spread slowly through the East. The Russian Church was not formally separated from the West until the fifteenth century. For that matter, many Greek bishops did not feel that there was a real separation and, for many years after 1054, the Pope received letters from Eastern bishops asking him to decide points for them.

But, as time went by, the separation became ever more fixed. Greek feelings were outraged by the senseless sack of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204 and by their establishing a Latin hierarchy in the captured Eastern cities and even installing Latin patriarchs in Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Antioch.

The Popes never ceased trying for reunion. Various legates and missionaries were sent to the East, and though they had no lasting success they at least kept alive the idea of a united Christendom.

Two temporary reunions were achieved: at the fourteenth Ecumenical Council in France in 1274 and again at

the seventeenth Council in Florence in 1438. Each of these reunions lasted for only a few years because the motive was more political than religious (in order to win Western military aid for the Eastern empire), and the reunion was not generally acceptable to the people.

However, the Greek Patriarch Joseph II, who died at Florence during the Council, was a learned and saintly man who was firmly behind union. He is buried in the Cathedral at Florence. The last emperor of proud Byzantium, Constantine XII, died in battle as Constantinople fell to the Turks in 1453. He died a Catholic. With the fall of Constantinople, the reunion gradually died too. When Russia explicitly renounced the Council of Florence, she too became formally separated from the Western Church.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century, a reunion movement was started by some Byzantine bishops that eventually brought nearly all the Ukrainian and White Russian people into the Catholic Church. These people suffered persecution and discrimination over the years, not only from the Orthodox Russians, but also from the Catholic Poles, again for reasons chiefly national and political rather than religious. By the middle of the nineteenth

century, most of the reunited people were forced back into the Orthodon church, especially during the reign of Catherine the Great. the dioce

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However, six million remained faithful to the Catholic Church and Byzantine Rite and were in a flourishing state until World War II when most of them were put behind the Iron Curtain and subjected to violent persecution. The story of their martyrdom will one day edify the whole Church.

Half a million Ukrainian and Ruthenian Catholics live in the U.S. They have hundreds of parishes, five bishops in three dioceses with a metropolitan archbishop in Philadelphia and many parochial schools. In Canada an equal number is divided into four dioceses with the metropolitan archbishop residing in Winnipeg.

From every country of Eastern Europe and the Near East, groups of separated Christians have returned to the unity of the Catholic Church, keeping their own customs and rites. The Maronites are all Catholics, having no non-Catholic counterpart, but all the other Eastern Catholic groups are marked by larger groups of "Orthodox" still outside the Catholic Church.

E astern Catholic and Eastern Orthodox services look the same. Only the astute ear of one who knows the liturgical language (usually ancient Slavonic for the Slav peoples) can cath the sung commemoration for the Pope at the four places in the liturgy where the hierarchy are prayed for. The bow replaces our genuflection: leavened bread is used for the Eucharist; Communion is given with a golden spoon under both species. In some churches babies are baptized by immersion: married men are ordained priests (but disallowed in the U.S. since 1929); there are different fasting laws and many different holy days.

What are the doctrinal differences between Catholics and Orthodox? They are few in number, with only one truly basic difference-the primacy of the Pope. Catholics claim that the Pope is the head of the Church by Christ's own institution. The Orthodox claim that the individual bishops, successors of the apostles, are the visible heads of the Church, and that some bishops. namely, the patriarchs, exercise a wider jurisdiction. They are willing to concede a primacy of honor to the Pope as St. Peter's successor. But a primacy of jurisdiction? That will be the crux of the discussions at the next Ecumenical Council. Even Papal infallibility regarding faith and morals is not apt to encounter too great an opposition. But immediate papal jurisdiction over all

CYPRESS WITH SPIKENARD

(Cant. of Cant. 4:13)

The ring, the lute, and the palm form three-fold symbol of the balm and beauty of the Christ-born Church going forth girdled in her search for souls.

The marriage, the music, and the martyrdom she offers in prayer: "Thy kingdom come!"

Music in the heart of the groom and the bride, triumph in the heart of the nun beside the sick-bed of souls (Christ suffering, or teaching or praying); song on the tongue of holy priests preaching Christ-born truth.

Eternal youth! Eternal youth of souls by triumph, song, and pain enticed to union with the church-borne Christ!

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The other standard disputes between East and West have been settled in the past and presumably can be settled again. Such matters as the Filioque ontroversy (that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Sonnot just from the Father as the Greeks daim), Purgatory (the practice of prayers for the dead, which, the Orthodox also say, has no sense if there is no purgatory), the Immaculate Conception, and the Assumption of Our Lady (never denied by the Orthodox until a Papal definition was made) are not likely to detain the Fathers at the Council for very long.

If the doctrinal issues are all peacefully settled, only one important moral isue will remain to be discussed. This will have to do with the growing practice of divorce among the Orthodox faithinl. The Emperor Justinian introduced livorce into his Code of Law for the Byzantine empire in the sixth century. Gradually the Eastern canonists have built it up by saying that besides the physical death that dissolves a Christian marriage, there is also moral death which is its equivalent, namely, adultery, derelopment of grave hatred between the spouses, one party's loss of reason, a grave illness like leprosy, absence of one party for five years, and finally any cause judged grave enough by the natriarch.

In the cataloguing of Latin "abuses" indulged in by Greek polemicists, never once do they attack the West for refusing divorce—proving, of course, that they themselves recognize it as an abuse against Christian Tradition. But even if the Orthodox bishops were to enter union, would not many Orthodox fithful refuse to follow because of divorced people living remarried among them? This will be a serious problem.

Pope John XXIII must feel that progress toward reunion can be made, or he would not have spoken as he has regarding the Council. It does not seem humanly likely, however, that the whole Orthodox Church will become corporately reunited.

However, if the reports of different Catholic priests who have had friendly personal relations with Orthodox prelates and priests over the years are reliable, the prospects for many individual reunions are bright. Though the Greeks as a body seem farthest away from Catholic unity, many individual Orthodox priests have expressed themselves privately as being great admirers of the Catholic Church and anxious to belong if it were possible.

Rumanian Catholics and Orthodox

have always been friends both in the U.S. and the home country. If political pressure is removed, there would not seem to be much difficulty in the way of reunion.

The Bulgarians have leaned several times in their history toward union with Rome. There is no deep hostility among them to the idea of Catholicity.

The Russians have, in the past, had brilliant converts to the Catholic Church. One of these, Vladimir Soloviev, is called "the Russian Newman." He has written eloquently about the universal Church and Russia's position in it. Many Russian Orthodox prelates and clergy are privately favorable to the idea of reunion.

The Ukrainian Orthodox can look back to a tradition of reunion, since much of their nation became Catholic in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Only persecution and political pressure again severed the bonds.

Pope Pius IX invited the Orthodox Church to attend the Vatican Council. Through an unfortunate diplomatic mistake, the news of this invitation leaked out to the press shortly before the Pope's legate could present the formal invitation to the Eastern patriarchs. Patriarch Anthimos of Constantinople then brusquely refused the invitation. The Orthodox patriarchs of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Alexandria declared that they could hardly accept if Constantinople did not. Individual bishops in the East, however, expressed their deep regret that things had not gone differently.

The Orthodox are already one with Catholics in professing Tradition as a theological source equal to Sacred Scripture; they make use of all seven sacraments; they pay homage to the Blessed Virgin; they agree with Catholics that the Holy Eucharist is not merely a communion service, but the holy sacrifice of Calvary renewed; they preserve, by apostolic succession, true bishops and priests; they consider the penance of fast and abstinence to be a part of Christian life.

Despite these remarkable similarities, it must be remembered that reunion will not take place unless there is a desire for it on both sides. Much more will be accomplished by charity than by argument. There must be a spirit of letting bygones be bygones and facing up to Christianity's present world situation and needs. All this will require prayer on both sides as well as a genuine understanding that union is the expressed will of Christ: "That all may be one, even as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee: that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me" (John 17, 21).

WHO ARE THE EASTERN CHRISTIANS?

ORTHODOX

Largest body of Christians outside the Catholic Church, about 100 million members including Russian Orthodox. Found in Eastern Europe, Near East, North America. Divided into 17 separate national churches. In U.S. they number 2,600,000 in various groups, chiefly Russian and Greek Orthodox.

Differ from Catholics chiefly in refusing to be under Pope.

Chief bishop: Patriarch of Constantinople.

Liturgy: Byzantine

NESTORIANS

Found in Near East, especially Iraq and India. Members number about 56,000. Very few in U.S.

Differ from Catholics and Orthodox in holding Nestorian heresy: Christ is two persons. **Chief bishop:** Nestorian Patriarch.

Liturgy: Eastern Antiochene

MONOPHYSITES

Known in Egypt and Abyssinia as the Coptic Church, numbering 5 million. Known in Syria and Palestine as the Jacobite Church, numbering 90,000. Known in Armenia as the Gregorian Church, numbering 2,500,000. Known in India as the Malabar Jacobite Church, numbering 350,000. A few thousand Armenians in U.S. Differ from Catholics and Orthodox in holding Monophysite heresy: Christ has only one

Chief bishops: Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria; Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch; Gregorian Armenian Patriarch.

nature (divine).

Liturgy: Western Antiochene.

NOTE: For each of these rites there is a corresponding Catholic body.

MY BROTHER ARTHUR

by RED SMITH



USUALLY WHEN WE fought, my brother Art licked me. He is the elder by a year and was correspondingly the larger, but that's merely the excuse I make to myself. The fact was, he had the quicker temper, almost always got in the first punch.

There was one notable exception that I remember today with undiminished pleasure. The fight started in the house and I chased him into the bathroom and knocked him into the tub. It was an old-fashioned tub that stood several inches off the floor on four white feet. Its rim was about knee-high. Every time Art, clambered out I'd hit him again. The tub's rim would catch him behind the knees—a palpable foul defined in the football rules as clipping—and he'd fall back with a deep, hollow, wonderfully satisfying boom.

Many years later the Philadelphia Athletics had a ball player out of Duke University named Chubby Dean, a pretty good left-handed hitter. After trying him at various positions, Connie Mack converted him to pitching, Chubby liked pitching all right, but he was addicted to hitting as some men are addicted to the bottle. He sorely missed his four or five daily turns at the plate.

He told me wistfully that in the Duke ball park the right field wall was faced with tin. A line drive pulled against that fence made the loudest, most resoundingly beautiful music he'd ever heard. I understood perfectly.

I cannot recall when or why Art and I stopped fighting. We always liked each other and generally liked the same things-hiking in the woods near Green Bay, Wisconsin, camping, fishing for chub in the creeks. By high-school age. though, Art was developing other interests, mainly girls. He was popular, could dance well, had a fine singing voice, played a passable game of rotation pool. He was decidedly one of the gang, even to the point of going out for the football team, although both of us were small and unathletic. I doubt that Art has ever weighed more than 125 pounds. One of my vividest memories pictures him as a substitute quarterback with lumpy pads too big for his shoulders and legs like a sparrow's below the bulky pants. He didn't get to play much, but he kept trying.

I was afraid of girls. I admired my brother and envied his social ease. As a high-school student he even dated some of the teachers, which made him the most sophisticated of blades in my eyes. Half the people in town were his friends, and after he went to work as a reporter on the *Press-Gazette* he soon got to know the other half.

One summer the Green Bay correspondent for three Milwaukee papers—the Journal, the Sentinel, and the Leader

-had a political assignment that took him out of town. Art agreed to cover for him during his absence. Art was sweet on a pretty girl who played the Mighty Wurlitzer in the Strand movie house. She was from Illinois and lived in the Northland Hotel. I got a summer job as elevator operator in the Northland. ago, I

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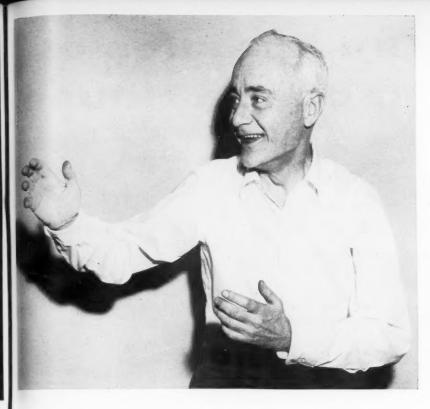
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It was a social outrage that cut An to the gizzard—that his own brother, wearing a menial's uniform, should ferry this heavenly creature between lobby and fourth floor. He bribed me out of my shameful estate by giving me the Milwaukee correspondence job. The family name was saved, though Milwaukee's coverage of Green Bay news suffered.

Our father's business was wholesale produce and retail groceries. There was no single influence that turned both his sons to newspaper work. It just happened. Art was still on the Press-Gazette, an experienced, all-round newspaperman, when I got my first full-time newspaper job, on the Milwaukee Sentinel. For a good many years after that we saw each other only occasionally. We corresponded hardly at all, getting news of each other through our parents.

Art roved widely. He was so good he could quit a job that bored him, walk into almost any city room, and go right to work. He hit Milwaukee and Chi



Red Smith (left)
writes about his
brother Art (right).
Both have come
a long way—Red
as the top sports
writer in America,
Art as one of the
best rewrite men

ago, Denver and Detroit, St. Louis and Philadelphia, with many stops en route. Sometimes he doubled back to give this town or that a second chance.

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During the great Depression he had a paper shot out from under him in Detroit. Between newspaper jobs several years earlier, Art had done a stretch on a trade publication called the Wistonsin Banker. (The idea of a Smith writing pieces telling bankers how to hadle money enchanted the whole family.) Now there came a letter from the man who had run the magazine.

He was a roamer, too, who had joined the Yukon gold rush in '98. The Depression had caught up with him in Los Angeles, where he was scratching along as a private eye. Somehow he had induced an elderly couple out there to grubstake a prospecting expedition to the Yukon. If Art had nothing better to do, why not come along?

Through a friend of mine in St. Louis, we got a hot pass on the Santa Fe for 55. I preferred not to pry deeply into this transaction, but I think the son of an official of the road made walking-around money by renting out his father's pass. Anyway, Art rode an upper berth to Los Angeles. He rang in a pal, another reporter who'd been stranded when the Detroit paper folded, and the three of 'em hit the trail of the old sourdoughs out of Skagway.

As a kid I had devoured Robert W. Service and Jack London. I had read dozens of tales of the gold-rush days, of Wilson Mizner and Soapy Smith, Tex Rickard and Sam Goldwyn. I had even met Jack Kearns personally. Did I envy my brother? Not by half.

Art had power of attorney to stake out gold claims for a lot of us. Somewhere, no doubt, there's a patch of flinty earth once filed in my name, with my fortune gleaming yellow just beneath the surface. I never got up there to dig it out, though, and neither Art nor his companions bruised any toes stubbing them on nuggets.

Back came the horny-handed prospector to the field he knew. In Chicago he worked for the late Louis Ruppel, a driving, dynamic editor and a roaring bull who affected a tough, ungrammatical, Brooklynese manner of speech. On an assignment in the north woods of Wisconsin, Art described a cabin among the "towering tamaracks," perhaps because the alliteration pleased him or maybe to prove he knew a spruce from a juniper.

All went well until a tree expert in the office read the story in the first edition. Tamaracks didn't tower, he protested to Ruppel; they got to be only twenty, maybe twenty-five feet tall. Ruppel bawled at the city editor:

"Don't hire no more of dem little

guys! Everyt'ing looks big to 'em!"

Like the old vaudeville actor who couldn't rest until he had played the Palace, Art had his eyes set on one goal—New York. Me, too, but I was the timid brother who clung to a job until a better one came up. Even in the hard times when he knew there were no jobs, Art would pitch everything for a shot at the big town, backing off only long enough to recoup and try again.

A couple of times we chanced to land on the same payroll, in St. Louis and Philadelphia. In Depression days the St. Louis Star-Times would blandly offer a first-rate newspaperman S18 a week, daring him to do better. They landed Art at an outrageous figure and he resented it. Within a few weeks he was in demanding a decent wage. Rebuffed, he quit on the spot.

The managing editor called me in and expressed the pious hope that I wouldn't be corrupted by my brother's false values

Art was a cinch to get to New York before I did. By the time I made it, he had a reputation as the best rewrite man in town. That's why I'm still envying him from my pleasant little corner in the sports department. The late Herbert Bayard Swope, who was many things, wished above all to be known as a good reporter. No self-respecting newspaperman could ask more.

The Apostles of Madonna House



In the gathering dusk at Canada's Madonna House, young people end a day of prayer and work with a hymn of thanks

By donating the proceeds of his newest book Secular Journal to Madonna House, Thomas Merton has spotlighted one of the most dynamic uses of 800 acres of land anywhere in North America. Set in the pine forests of the Ottawa Valley at Combernere, Ontario, Madonna House is a budding secular institute, a training ground for young people trying to pull their ideas for helping humanity down from the clouds, and a social service center aiding the people on surrounding farms. The founder and spirit of this movement to stimulate Catholics to pray and work in the market place is a refugee from Communist Russia, Mrs. Catherine Doherty, otherwise known as the Baroness de Hueck, a zestful giant in the world of social action.

Eddie Doherty, former American newspaperman, edits paper

Ca



Catherine, his wife, developed Friendship Houses in U.S.



The setting is tranquil, but this Canadian center is seething with ideas for translating the Church's social apostolate into action

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SIGN BY JACQUES LOWE



Wearing institute emblem, a silver cross with "Pax Caritas" inscribed, Catherine Doherty insists on personal sanctification first



Jane Welch went to Madonna House in search of answers to vexing questions

"You want nothing and have nothing and then you find you have everything"

To Jane Welch, a 35-year-old nurse in Joliet, L. Madonna House gave "not only knowledge but the courage to grasp hold of my life." For the past two year Jane has attended Madonna House's six-week summer school of Catholic Action. At one point she considered joining the fifty staff workers who, after a five-year training program and vowing poverty, chastity, and obedience, are performing a variety of spiritual and corporal works of mercy under the bishops' direction at Madonna House branches in Alberta, the Yukon, Porland, Ore., and Winslow, Ariz. Workers retain lay status

Jane joins group reciting Compline each day after supper



A priest-lecturer discusses clergy-lay co-operation. The institute has five priests as members





Jane helps prepare vegetables from Madonna House farm. The summer school attracts young people from U.S. and Canada who come for week or more



Permanent members of diocesan-approved institute wear donated clothing, pray, work, and sacrifice strenuously

Madonna House is no place for the effete. Day begins with meditation and Mass at 7:15





Jane discusses possibilities for social action through Madonna House "way of life"





Jane

Ja

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She prays on leaving for vocational guidance

Madonna House helps Jane, and many others, to discover where to exercise ability

Jane Welch says Madonna House deeply influenced her life in three ways. It motivated her to bring spiritual qualities to her professional work as a nurse. It awakened her to pressing social problems, resulting in her joining and taking a specialized course in the parent-educator program of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Most of all, it clarified Jane's thoughts of a religious vocation. She has applied for entrance into the Handmaids of the Lamb of God, a community which accepts, and specializes in working among, handicapped persons (Jane has suffered multiple sclerosis for nineteen years). Madonna House graduates today number seventy-two priests and nuns. Others have gone on to vigorous activity in the lay apostolate and deeply Christian marriageshaving learned to think with the Church.

Back in Joliet hospital, Jane tries to help patients spiritually, also

Jane uses Madonna House training during visit to a family to encourage Catholic education of children, part of CCD parent-educator program



Jane visits family of new-born child every three months until child is six. She spots children who should be baptized; also helps make Baptismal Robe for parish babies







HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

By Marion Benasulti-

Whether twelve, or thinty five, when love has gone...it's pretty much the same...

I had lunch with Miss Carlin today. Miss Geneva Carlin. She was my seventh-grade teacher at the John L. Garland Public School. The John L. Garland was the first of the "progressive" schools. For its innovation, teachers were hand-picked from a list of the city's best. Miss Geneva Carlin had been the *very* best. The note that came in last week's mail began, "My dearest little girl." If I live to be a hundred and one I shall still be Miss Carlin's "little girl." "Your first illustrated book is in my hands. How wonderful! And you were the one who 'couldn't draw

a straight line?!" Her silvery, bell-toned voice came to me across the years. "Come have lunch with your old-maid school teacher and let me bask in reflected glory."

Wild horses couldn't have kept me away.

Miss Geneva Carlin seemed hardly to have changed at all, even to the softly bowed blouse, except that now the blouse was of raw, Italian silk to go with the smart, expensive suit she was wearing; in her ears glistened small moonstones set in platinum. Her eyes were the same washed-out blue of the moonstones, but her ash-blonde hair still sprang vibrantly from her high forehead; it had had that silvery look even when she was younger. I knew that she had been left a small fortune by an elderly relative; that she had traveled all over the world with him in the years before he died. Now she received me in a charming apartment overlooking Rittenhouse Square. From her windows, we looked down on "Billy" Penn's hat atop the old City Hall. Beyond that, I knew, was Betsy Ross's house, and the Liberty Bell, and the ancient, quiet churchyards of a bygone day; all the things that made Philadelphia dear to me. I felt as though I had come home. Out there in my old farmhouse in Wayne, Penna, I hadn't realized how much I missed and loved the city, the real, downtown city. And somewhere to the north, in historic Germantown, was the John L. Garland Public School, where Miss Carlin and I first met, and the house with the little, ivycovered balconies which had long since become the Woman's Exchange. I came back to Rittenhouse Square with an effort.

Sunlight filtered through the orchard and the first autumn leaves caught in my hair

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

"My darling girl." Miss Carlin said, kissing me. And it was almost as if the years between had never been. "Your hair is as black as ever! Don't look at mine!" She pretended to hide hers with her two hands. Her voice was higher than I remembered, almost girlish. She didn't sound at all sad. When had she reached that point in time when all the hurt is gone?

We had a fabulous lunch: Cornish hen under glass and giant strawberries soaked in Marsala. When I was about to leave, she gave me a book of inspirational quotations. The contents page gave me a glimpse of how Miss Carlin had sustained herself against the bitterness of time. "Happiness and the "Faith & In-Enjoyment of Living." ner Calm." "Courage and the Conquest of Fear" . . . Did she know, I wondered, that this was the second book she'd given me? I thought of how she used to greet her seventh-graders each morning with one or another of her favorite quotations, in that marvelous voice that enfolded all who listened in its tender warmth, and the ferocious zeal with which we afterward addressed ourselves to our work.

"You wake up in the morning and lo! your purse is magically filled with twenty-four hours... the most precious of possessions." And magically I would become at once less conscious of my shabby clothes and the equal of anyone. Or Longfellow. Miss Carlin adored Longfellow. "Let us, then, be up and doing, still achieving, still pursuing:" And then, that special one that I had heard her whisper, that I wasn't meant to hear: "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways."

The October dusk was closing in when finally I said good-by to Miss Carlin and began the long drive back to Wayne. Between the pages of the book she had given me was a pen-andink sketch of a baby in a tin washtub eating a bar of Fairy soap. Above the signature, in my best flowing Palmer Method, was the intriguing caption: "After all, one does get tired of a milk diet." It touched me deeply that Miss Carlin should have kept it, for all those years, among her splendid possessions and that now she had given it back to me.

T HE SMELL of autumn became the smell of yesteryear, nostalgic but no longer hurting. It had been October when Miss Geneva Carlin left the John L. Garland forevermore.

In those days it was customary to open the school day with the reading of a verse from the Bible. The sliding, blackboard partitions separating the rooms were pushed apart and five classrooms bowed their collective heads. Jew, Gentile, Catholic, Protestant paid unanimous tribute to St. Paul, or perhaps, who could really tell?, to the magic of Miss Carlin's voice as she read the verse for the day: "Faith, hope and love, these three—and the greatest of these is love." Then Miss Martin, the music teacher, would pound out a stirring chorus of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on the upright piano, the sliding doors closed noisily, and the school day would begin.

In Room 7-A we had also, each morning, a further quotation from Miss Carlin's endless store. For an eye-opener, she favored the ones with resounding phrases: "What shall we do when hope is gone? Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!" One of those.

Sometimes when spring, or some other excitement, cast its restless spell over us and we couldn't seem to settle down, Miss Carlin would let out a great, sonorous blast that seemed to come from the depths of her being:

"SELF-CONTROL! That's the thing! That's what we all need!"

She got across to us the sense of her own iron self-control: there was so much of Miss Carlin that didn't show on the surface. On the surface, she was the epitome of perfect self-control. She was a pale, slender woman, with only her springy, ash-blonde hair showing her inner vitality. Her light blue eyes were ringed with short, thick lashes, a shade darker than her hair. She wore blouses bowed at the neck and plain or plaid skirts. Her legs did not show to advantage because of the low-heeled, serviceable brogues she wore and the skirts whose length cut her calf in the wrong place for flattery. But her voice, her beautiful, unforgettable voice, could dissolve you to jelly.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways."

The day I overheard her speak those lines, meant for the ears of one person alone, I went home in a dizzy cloud and lay under the apple tree in the backyard and thought of Alan. Alan Todd, the dreamboat of Garland, and knew for the first time how it would be, how love would be. Miss Carlin and Elizabeth Browning had made it possible.

It was that voice. I'm sure, and their mutual interest in poetry that started the whole thing between Geneva Carlin and Evan Griffiths. There were no men teachers at Garland that spring when I was twelve. Mr. Griffiths came to substitute for Miss White in Room 7-B and stayed on after Miss White decided not to return after her marriage.

That afternoon, as usual. I was the last to leave. I was getting my things from the dressing room. When I heard

Miss Carlin's breathless "Oh! Evan!" [knew it was too late. I was caught. I stayed in the dressing room, hearing the rise and fall of their murmuring voices, and then Miss Carlin began to read aloud, but very softly. The whole world was still. There was only the thrilling sound of her voice. reading. "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways." And when it stopped, I heard Mr. Griffiths make a strangled sort of sound. "Geneva-" I popped my hands over my ears and held them there for a long time. When I took them away, it was quiet out there in the room and I knew they had gone.

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In A CASUAL way, Mr. Griffiths began to drop into Room 7-A after school. He and Miss Carlin discussed poetry, mostly, or the spring revue which they were coaching, along with Miss Latham, the director. It was all quite friendly and cheerful. Sometimes they left the school together, catching the same trolley into Germantown proper.

And then, before we knew it, it was June and school was over. I didn't want it to be over, mostly, I suppose, because of Miss Carlin and a great deal because of Alan Todd. The end of school seemed always a sort of dying; so many of us never saw each other again until the following September; some of us were so terribly happy at Garland that first year of its life.

One day, in the middle of summer, I wanted desperately to see Miss Carlin, to talk to her. September was a million years away and I had to see her, once before then. So one Sunday afternoon I took a long walk, all by myself, and came finally to the old house in Germantown, the house with the little, black deer on the lawn and the ivy-covered balconies. I walked past the house three times and then, taking my courage by the horns, I dashed up to the front door before I could change my mind again and pulled the old-fashioned wroughtiron doorbell.

It was only then I remembered that Miss Carlin's mother was an invalid and what a terrible imposition it was for me to walk in like this, unannounced, uninvited. But it was too late. The housekeeper had answered my ring and I went in.

There, in the parlor, along with Miss Carlin's rich old uncle, was Mr. Griffiths, as though he belonged, as though it were his chair he was sitting in. Miss Carlin looked different. She still wore a blouse and skirt, but the blouse was open at the neck and when she kissed me a little heart throbbed in the hollow of her throat. When she touched me her hands felt cold; there was a high, excited lilt in her voice which sounded

strange to my ears. I resented Mr. Griffiths seeming so much at home there in Miss Carlin's antimacassared parlor, filling his pipe from a can of Prince Albert tobacco on a little table beside his chair.

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And then I began to feel horribly unomfortable, sitting in the corner of the shiny sofa, with Mr. Griffiths' long, need-clad legs stretched out lazily into the room and the smell of the Prince Albert tobacco all over everything.

Miss Carlin was sweet, as always, oflering me a bon-bon from a silver dish, talking rapidly and a little breathlessly. "How nice of you to stop and see me, Elizabeth," she said. "You must do it again! Any time. Any time at all."

But I knew that I wouldn't do it again and that I shouldn't have this ime, especially, or because of. Mr. Grif-fiths, toward whom I suddenly felt the most unreasonable, the most violent, will be a support of the supp

When school opened in September, Mr. Griffiths continued to drop into Room 7-A. He sat on one of the desks, with his long legs dangling over the front of it. I would hurry with the black-loards and get out of there fast, all the time resenting him bitterly.

Casting for the Christmas play began early in September. The kids seemed infected with some new quality. Although we didn't talk about it, all of as felt something that fall that we had never felt before. Grownups never seem to realize how much kids are affected by the emotional atmosphere surroundings them.

And all the time I had this mad crush on Alan Todd. Alan was tall and blond with an engaging grin. Even the teachers were a little in love with him. On the face of it, Alan and I were casual friends. I guarded my secret fiercely. But the days he walked with me across the fields, going home, were the deliriously happy ones, for me. Naturally, with his looks, he had been chosen to play the king in the Christmas play, although, really, he was a terrible actor; even I could see that.

Marylou Winters, with her long, chestnut curls and her delicate, princess dresses, was to be the queen. At first I thought I couldn't bear it. I knew that Marylou "took" elocution, that she could "project" better than most of us, and that it was right for her to be the queen. Really I came, finally, to accept that,

But when Miss Latham suggested that lplay the part of the peasant, I rebelled. I didn't want to be a peasant—l was a peasant—but especially I didn't want to be a peasant on the same stage where Marylou Winters would be Alan's queen. Miss Carlin promised to intercede for

me—it was considered a privilege to be in the Christmas play and no one ever backed down of his own free will, no one. Miss Carlin and I went to see Miss Latham together.

"Wait for me here." Miss Carlin whispered, leaving me outside Miss Latham's door. That's how I came to hear. Miss Latham's voice had the authority of a circus barker's. And what I heard only served bitterly to compound the felony. For I knew that she was referring to my hair, which would never stay put, and my ribbons, which were always daugling.

"But she falls apart so," Miss Latham boomed.

"Fiddlesticks!" Miss Carlin said, inelegantly, "She's got heart. Heart. That's what counts!" The way she said it, it sounded the way she said: "SELF-CONTROL! That's what we all need!"

"It's not fair to judge her by the usual standards." Miss Carlin said.
"Well," Miss Latham said. uncer-

"Well," Miss Latham said, uncertainly, "perhaps we could braid her hair; it's certainly long enough. Fix it into

• Most of us get what we deserve, but only the successful will admit it. —Irish Digest

a sort of coronet, write her in a part as the queen's lady-in-waiting . . ."

I stood there, frozen to the wall. When Miss Carlin came out I felt really sick. "I don't want it," I said. "I don't want it, don't you understand, I don't want to be *in* it at all!"

"Darling." Miss Carlin said, never, as usual, at a loss for the perfect word. "Try to remember: it is not what you have lost, but what you have left that counts."

She couldn't help it. She was so steeped in it that her every-day speech was necessarily fraught with true poetic license. But that one, as later events proved, was one she didn't really believe in, herself.

The last week in September a new substitute came to Garland. in the room at the end of the hall, just around the corner from 7-A. Her name was Miss Nellie Moore. She wore flower-print dresses and had flaming red hair and laughed a lot.

At recess the teachers would gather in little groups of two's and three's, talking among themselves, while watching the kids. I began to notice that one little group consisted, more often than not, of Miss Carlin and Mr. Griffiths and the new "sub." Soon everyone was calling her Nelliemoore, as if it were all one word; it suited her, somehow. She was fun. You really couldn't help liking her.

The days began to get cooler and Miss Nelliemoore wore a gay, red coat over her flowered dresses and sometimes the two of them, she and Mr. Griffiths, would walk kind of casually off to a corner of the schoolyard by themselves. Miss Carlin had stopped coming out into the yard at recess time.

These days, when Miss Carlin cried "SELF-CONTROL!" she slammed the book she was holding down onto the desk hard. Afterward, she rubbed the back of her hand, absently as though the knuckles hurt, and we would be, quite suddenly, profoundly disturbed by this strange, new way in which Miss Carlin was demonstrating her point.

Mr. Griffiths had stopped coming in to sit with his dangling legs on the front desks. I did the blackboards, as usual, after school, but it wasn't the same; it wasn't the same at all. Miss Carlin sat at her desk, pale, outwardly composed; only her eyes strayed occasionally, as if pulled by a force stronger than herself, to the wall clock. And then she would say, "Well, I guess that's it for today, Elizabeth," as though there wasn't any use waiting any longer.

I began to take the long way home. alone, through the sprawling orchard back of the school. I thought of the times Alan had walked through the fields with me, as he used to do before Marylou and the play took up so much of his time. Apples squished under my feet. The smell of rotting fruit rose from the ground. There was a strange, sad excitement in the tall, sweet grass. It was mixed up with the sharp smell of the apples and a red cap on a blonde head and the feeling I had when Alan walked beside me. Sunlight shivered through the orchard and the first autumn leaves filtering down through the trees caught in my hair. I had discarded, once and for all, the trying hair ribbons. Now my hair hung free. "If only it would curl," I thought, childishly. The despairing thought nagged me unbearably. It was lonely in the orchard . . .

One day, toward the end of October, I was doing the blackboards, as usual. Miss Carlin had stopped looking at the wall clock. She seemed always in a hurry to leave, right after the three o'clock bell. "Finish up quickly. dear," she'd say. "I must leave early today." Sadly, I dashed the erasers across the boards, feeling utterly forlorn. I had so loved being there alone with her.

A whiff of Prince Albert caught me on the way to the dressing room and I knew that Mr. Griffiths had come into the room. I was trapped, again. But I needn't have worried about that, because what followed would have made anyone forget about anyone, and that included me, waiting tensely in the com-

pany of such other forgotten items as overshoes, umbrellas, and gloves.

"Hello, Geneva," I heard him say, in that sort of pleasantly gruff voice.

"What is it, Evan?" Miss Carlin said.
"I'm rather in a hurry . . ." Her voice
was high and thin, not like her at all.

"This won't take long," he said. He sounded kind of embarrassed. A chair scraped, and I knew Miss Carlin was preparing to get up from her desk.

"Geneva." Mr. Griffiths said, now, sounding rather desperate and as though he wanted to get something over with quickly. "Geneva. I'm going to marry Nellie Moore."

There was a clumsy sort of thump. Miss Carlin must have sat down again, abruptly.

"Geneva, believe me, I'm sorry. It just-happened-like that."

"Please," Miss Carlin said. "Please. Go. No. Evan. Please. Please go, quickly. Go!" she moaned. It was like a small, smothered scream of pure agony. I heard the door close softly and I knew that Miss Carlin was alone now, alone as she had never been before and as she would probably never be again, for all of her mortal life. And then there was a crash, as of glass splintering. Miss Carlin's iron control had snapped. She had hurled something after Mr. Griffiths and it had crashed into the door glass.

After a while I moved my paralyzed legs and walked out of the dressing room. Miss Carlin had her head down on the desk. She had been crying for a long time. The afternoon sun slanted across the windows and lay like shimmering silver on her hair. "I want to die! I want to die!" she was saying, over and over. And I hope I may never again have to hear the sound of a human voice so anguished.

All at once something gave in me, too. I ran to her and threw my arms around her. We wept together, two women bereft of love. I heard myself saying a strange, an adult thing: "Dear Miss Carlin," I said, "Remember: this, too, shall pass." In my grief I was unconsciously offering her the doubtful solace of one of her famous quotations.

After a while we both stopped crying. We did not look at one another. I walked over to the shattered door and looked out into the empty hall. Soon the "bucket brigade." the cleaning women, would be along. My foot touched an object on the glass-strewn floor. I stooped to pick it up. It was a maroon-covered, shabby volume of the Portuguese sonnets.

"Elizabeth," Miss Carlin called, in a dull voice, still not looking at me. "Tomorrow-tell them-tell them-I had a little accident-here-will you? I don't want the children blamed." "Yes, Miss Carlin," I said, obediently, laying the book on her desk,

"Keep it. You keep it." she said, thrusting it back at me as though she couldn't bear the sight of it.

"Thank you, Miss Carlin," I said and turned to go, hating to leave her there, alone in that room, with the broken glass all over the floor and the faint scent of Prince Albert lingering in the air.

For I knew, surely, even then, that Miss Carlin was not coming back to Garland. I felt it, even then. But how could I know that she would go home, lock herself in her room, open the unlit gas jet all the way, and fling herself across her bed, hoping that she would quickly die?

Fortunately, in her mad grief, she had forgotten about her invalid mother in the room across the hall from hers. It was Mrs. Carlin, smelling the seeping gas, who screamed for the housekeeper. They had to have help to break down the door, for Miss Carlin was beyond hearing by that time, but they saved her. Afterward, people said it was Victorian; you simply did not die for love. But Geneva Carlin almost proved them

• When it comes to doing for others, some people will stop at nothing.

wrong. For she had very nearly died of it—of passionate and unrequited mortal love.

And so Miss Carlin never came back to Garland. Not the next day, or the next week, or ever.

The trees were almost bare now. A nippy, November wind blew through the gaunt branches of the apple trees.

"Wait up. Liz." a voice called. It was Alan. I stopped without turning around, my face suddenly warm. It had been a long time since Alan had walked me home. I waited for him. He reached for my books and swung them over his shoulder by their leather strap. We began to walk along together.

"Are you still upset about—about what happened to Miss Carlin?" he said, awkwardly. I shook my head. I couldn't talk about Miss Carlin; not yet, not to anyone.

"Hear you're doing the class prophecy." Alan said, more, I imagine, to change the subject than because he was really interested. "What are you going to be when you grow up, Liz, a writer?"

I shook my head again, wordlessly. My feet felt like lead. I felt like dying.

"I thought," he went on, "I thought maybe I wanted to be an actor-that is, until I found out what a really l_{OUM} actor I am."

"I know," I said, suddenly full to bursting of the craziest kind of happiness. "Miss Carlin thinks—thought-lought to try art, but, golly, I can't even draw a straight line!"

"Boy, I'll be glad when this dam play's over. If that Marylou doesn't keep her hair out of my teeth. It's always all *over* me."

The wind was a joy, the squishy leaves underfoot made music. We had come to the end of the orchard. We stood there. Alan and I. and looked at each other and couldn't stop smiling or tear our eyes away.

When I reached for my books our hands touched. We stood, awkward and still, suddenly shy.

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"What are you going to be when you grow up, Liz?" Alan said again, softly, in his new gruff voice.

"A lady, I hope," I said, fervently. He flashed his smile at me. "Good girl, Liz." he said.

At the end of our street I turned around to look back. I had to. He was still standing there, looking after me.

After the play, and after the Christmas holidays. Mr. Griffiths and Nelliemoore didn't come back to Garland either. There were three new teachers now and nothing, for me, would ever be quite the same.

Years later, I heard that Miss Carlin had had a severe nervous breakdown and still later that she was a sort of companion to a rich relative and was traveling all over the world. Each Christmas I sent her a card, and whether she ever received it I never knew. But always, as if she had, a card came winging back to me from the far places of the earth, assuring me that somewhere in the world a Miss Carlin still existed, although sometimes I didn't quite believe it. "How's my little girl?" the card always said, in her square, distinctive hand.

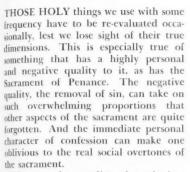
And then, last week, the note, asking me to lunch, bringing with it a rush of feeling for that lost October, for my little, lost Miss Carlin, whom I thought I might now find again.

But nothing ever remains the same, and, for certain, everything passes.

The country roads were exquisitely full of autumn. I was almost home. Tonight, before our first applewood fire, I shall tell Alan. Not about the soignée lady in Rittenhouse Square, for she means nothing to me, but about that other one, the memory of whose thrilling voice still lives like a song in my heart. I shall take down the book with the faded, maroon cover and tell him, "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways."

Confession and the Social Conscience

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.



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The negative quality of confession, the removal of sin, sometimes obscures the fact that confession is a form of worship. We are quite aware that confession is a sacrament which is greatly concerned with man's welfare, propter hominem (for man's benefit) as the technical manuals would say it. What is quite foreign to our thinking is that penance, like any other sacrament, is ultimately for God's glory, or technically propter Deum, loosely translated "for God's benefit." To kneel before a priest in contrite confession of one's sins is more than a humble petition for pardon and absolution. In the Sacrament of Penance sorrow for sin is taken up in an act of worship. With our sorrow and in our sorrow we bow down in praise and adoration.

Confession is, of course, a highly personal act. This unveiling of our secret guilt is not a matter for public ears. One's own mother or husband or wife is not allowed to hear the intimate unburdening of the confessional. So secret is it that there is no imaginable circumstance, no matter how serious, which would allow the priest to repeat what he heard within the confessional.

But along side of, and in no way in opposition to, this personal character of confession, there is a distinctive public character to confession. First, no sin, regardless of how secret it is, can be a completely personal thing, in the absolute sense. There is no isolation in sanctity and there is none in sin. The good or ill that we do affects all the members of the Body of Christ, the

Catholic Church, to which we belong.

In the confessional a sinner is reconciled with God. Since sin is an offense against the other members of the Body of Christ, which is the Church, the sinner must also be reconciled with the Church. (This is not to say that every mortal sin cuts one off from membership in the Church.) And since God has decreed that man is to attain salvation through the Church which He founded, the reconciliation with the Church precedes the reconciliation with God.

In early times the reconciliation with the Church was given strong ritual expression. At one time the only external sign that one was absolved of one's sins was by readmission to the worshipping community, to the congregation as it assisted at Mass. Readmission to the congregation was itself the absolution.

This public character of sin and of the Sacrament of Penance still finds ritual expression today, though much less pronounced. After the penitent has told his sins, the priest pronounces the words of absolution. Actually, there are two absolutions. The first is that by which the penitent is reconciled with the Church: "May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve you, and I, by His authority, absolve you from every bond of excommunication and interdict, according to the extent of my power and of your needs." Only after this absolution reconciling the penitent with the Churchif he has committed some sin which cut him off from the Church-does the priest pronounce the second absolution which reconciles the sinner with God: "I absolve you from your sins, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy

The examination of conscience which precedes confession should reflect this public social character of penance. Such an examination discloses many sins of omission as well as commission against the Body of Christ, the Church. It would go something like this: "I have been devoutly unconcerned about the salvation of my neighbor, hiding the spiritual cowardice under the guise of minding my own affairs. My business

practices are selfish and grasping and I salve my conscience by making generous donations to the building of churches.

"I lack any sense of dedication to the Church and my fellow men. I make only the efforts to be a good parishioner and neighbor which would be unseemly to omit. A well-fed respectability, urbane and gracious but definitely determined not to be disturbed by the needs of others, is my norm of conduct, rather than membership in the Mystical Body of Christ. I am not one my pastor feels free to call upon for help.

"I pay just wages only when I am forced to. I pay no attention to the conditions under which my laborers work and provide no opportunity for them to advance spiritually, culturally, and economically. In turn, I am unfair to my own employer. I use labor unrest to extort unreasonable demands; I use unlawful means to attain reasonable demands. I do not give an honest day's work for an honest day's wage.

"With some diligence I have avoided studying the Church's social teaching lest it prove a source of embarrassment. I make no effort to form a social conscience in my children by providing them with good Catholic newspapers and magazines. Here, as elsewhere, I leave the education of my children entirely to the priests and Sisters.

"My stand on racial segregation is based on convenience and prejudice. My Catholicity lacks the missionary dimension and is parochial in the bad sense of the term. The world-wide mission of the Church arouses no interest in me and I do not support its efforts.

"My prayer is superficial, glib, taken up only with my own needs, and shows no apostolic concern for the great needs of the Church and society. When asked to enter some Catholic action I manifest my apostolic and social apathy by absolving myself through a monetary donation. I give money but I never give myself."

Our approach to the confessional might lose some of its mechanical formalistic traits if our examination of conscience were made in the light of the worship and social aspects of penance. hough several weeks have ticked away since Perry Como inked his truly fantastic pact with Kraft, the deal still is the talk of the broadcasting industry—and for very good reason.

First, the \$25,000,000, two-year, exclusive contract is far and away the biggest of its kind—in terms of money—ever given any performer in any show business medium.

That, in itself, is enough to keep tongues wagging and to inspire other stars to goad their representatives into making similar arrangements for the publicity value alone, not that they wouldn't be interested in the money.

But certain other angles of the Como-Kraft deal also have captured the imagination.

Most importantly, the \$25,000,000 figure is an honest one and not the puffed-up figment of some Broadwayite's sense of press-agentry.

The entire industry knows this.

Como's Deal Unprecedented

And while the \$25,000,000 covers time, talent, and production for 104 hour-long shows over the two-year period, including summer replacements, of course, in Kraft's Wednesday night spot on NBC-TV (9 to 10 P.M., NYT, beginning Sept, 30), the net "take" still remains astronomical.

In a sense, even more awesome than the money involved (how awesome can you get?) are certain "inducements."

These include stock options, absolute freedom to produce whatever type show the star chooses, and a ten-year pension plan that will begin at the termination of the two-year contract period and pay Perry more than the one accruing to Kraft's chairman-of-the-board.

On top of all this, trust funds for life have been set up for Mrs. Como and the couple's three children.

All four will receive huge annuities in case the head of the family suffers a serious accident or dies during the next decade.

It's the kind of thing that leaves you breathless, even in this blessed land where the Cinderella Story is traditional and, as I was lucky enough to note several editions back, it could hardly happen to a nicer guy.

Una And Lou

It seems we've been losing too many nice people lately, the veteran Irish actress Una O'Connor some weeks ago and, a short time later, the beloved funny-man Lou Costello.

Both were familiar to tele-viewers.

The pinched, serious, shrewish face of Miss O'Connor, who died in New York at seventy-eight after a long illness, livened every major dramatic show at least

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Perry Como: The whole industry is talking



Liberace: He's going to court

once, in the past twelve years TV has been commercial.

As for Costello, I'm happy to report that the rumors he died broke are unfounded, as rumors are, more frequently than not.

The fact is that, while not wealthy in terms of the enormous sums he carned over a long and lucrative career with his partner Bud Abbott, he still managed to leave his family an estate valued in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

The roly-poly Costello, like the wizened but wonderful Miss O'Connor, will long be remembered by his public, I'm sure, and for many different reasons.

In my own case, oddly enough, the thing uppermost in my mind at this particular time is the fact that he literally took more beatings than any comic I ever knew or ever saw. I heard of the punishment he absorbed a long time ago but couldn't believe it and had to see for myself. I found it to be true. The slaps, punches, kicks, pummelings

and falls which TV fans—and movie fans—saw him *apparently* absorb for the sake of laughs *actually* were absorbed.

And without complaint—or rarely with complaint, in any case.

They were all part of "the business," according to affable, big-hearted Lou.

Liberace Ad Lib

Pianist-comedian Liberace may not be the TV star he was a few years ago, but he's as active as ever.

The smiling, curly-haired performer, TV's first "matinee idol," is currently severing connections with ABC-TV and various sponsors, making plans for a month's stay (at least) in England, beginning in June or early July, as well as for court appearances in London in his libel suit against the London Daily Mirror.

In this country, Liberace is suing Guild Films, the distributors of his original filmed series, for breach of contract and is asking \$200,000 damages.

Things To Come

Henry Fonda eager to take the TV plunge with his own Western series, one titled The Deputy, . . . Bing Crosby's first series, under his five-year deal with ABC-TV. will be Lincoln Jones, all about a crusading young lawyer. It'll star James Whitmore, A Boys' Town series also is on the Crosby agenda. . . . George Burns' shaky NBC-TV show will go into syndication as soon as the sponsor cancellation becomes final. . . . The cartoon character Felix the Cat will launch a new career next fall, starring in a weekly TV series. . . . Viewers around the country will soon be watching a series of highly publicized interviews (filmed in Britain) with Adolf Hitler's sister, Frau Paula Wolf: his adjutant, Julius Schaub; his chauffeur. Erich Kempka; and his personal pilot, Hans Bauer. A New York station, WPIX, has acquired exclusive U. S. rights, and will distribute. . . . The Boy icouts of America will get their first official TV exposure on a regular weekly basis in the fall. Show title is The Trailblazers. Story material from all over the world will be used. . . . Audrey Mead-Ms. Jackie Gleason's vis-á-vis in The Honeymooners, signed as Sid Caesar's content in the new situation comedy It's A Living.

Will Trend, Outer Space?

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Programs dealing with outer space and related subjects may well be one of the next major TV trends.

In any event, many ambitious plans are afoot.

Paramount Pictures and CBS-TV have agreed to co-produce an hour-long series of films for next season titled *Count-lown*, the locales of which will be "the

carth, the moon, and the space stations in between," according to CBS-TV programing vice president Hubbell Robinson. Paramount, Robinson adds, already has "over 100,000 feet of special film on the subject."

Moon Flight, a semidocumentary series starring William Lundigan, is now in production, too. This one will deal with man's exploration of outer space and will feature a full-sized replica of a space ship.

And in Washington, work is being carried on in secret on a series dealing entirely with Unidentified Flying Objects (Flying Saucers) which will create a sensation if and when it's released for public consumption.

Fete Truman in May

Former President Harry S. Truman will see his seventy-fifth birthday marked in grand style May 8 when the Democratic National Committee will present a nationwide, closed-circuit TV spectacular in his honor.

The two-hour program, in which scores of show business luminaries will participate, will dramatize Mr. Truman's colorful career.

Too bad the general public won't be able to see this show.

"The Little Man From Missouri" always was known for the pungency and penetration of his off-the-cuff remarks, and this should be an occasion worthy of his talents in that direction.

In Brief

So far, James Dunn is the only regular set for the video version of *Fibber Mc-Gee and Molly*. He'll portray "Fibber," of course. . . . The new Ray Milland detective series, *Crisis*, goes to CBS-TV

instead of ABC-TV, even though the latter web considered this promising property "in the bag." . . . Pat Boone's Twixt Twelve and Twenty, on the bestseller lists for the past several months, continues to rack up heavy sales. . . Burr Tillstrom, the man behind the Kukla, Fran and Ollie series, still inconsolable over the death of his long-time producer, Beulah Zachary. She was among the passengers on the Lockheed Electra that plunged into the East River several weeks ago. . . . Just for the record: The National Assn. of Broadcasters has designated May National Radio Month this year. . . . Ralph Edwards to Europe this summer to film several This is Your Life episodes. . . . and Edwards' close friend, Art Linkletter, will follow to film some People are Funny stunts in Egypt, India and Russia-he hopes.

Veteran actor J. Carrol Naish, whose talents deserve better show-casing, has bowed out of the "new" Charlie Chan series. . . . The Defense Dept. has announced development of a new tube believed adaptable to TV receivers. If so, scientists say this will mean virtually no tube replacements in TV sets of the future. . . . Art Baker, too long absent from You Asked for It, set to return to the home screens as emcee of Juvenile Delinquency, a new entry dealing with the problems of young people. . . . Judy Lewis (Mrs. Joe Tinney) will make Loretta Young (Lewis) a grandmother any edition, if she hasn't already. . . . In addition to his other troubles, Bob Hope has been named defendant in a \$1,185,000 breach-of-contract suit involving purchase of a Rockford, Ill., radio station.



I Hayes and Florence Henderson, singing hosts on Oldsmobile Theatre
Without pilot film, Robert Taylor won starring role in Captain of Detectives
Ella Fitzgerald, queen of jazz singers, has signed for more appearances on Dinah Shore Show
Gene Barry (Bat Masterson) began his show-business career as a song-and-dance man on Broadway

8 DUTCH CHILDREN

With a storm brewing, Grietje Schilder paces dock with five of her children awaiting husband's return

With lightning speed a fisherman shows Schilders how to bait net for catching eel





7 NAMES

In the fishing port of Volendam
live the industrious Schilders whose
intriguing way of teaching
their children about work helps
explain Holland's survival

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by ROBERT RIGBY

PHOTOS BY ARTICAPRESS, HAARLEM, HOLLAND



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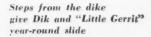
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Gerrit Schilder looks to the sea which provides him with a good livelihood







Jannetje is put to bed in Dutch "bedsteden" a shallow bed-closet in living room wall

N HOLLAND, a Dutchman will proudly tell you, there is much for the tourist to see. And near the top of any list, along with tulip fields and windmills, stands a picturesque fishing port called Volendam.

Fourteen miles north of bustling Amsterdam, quiet little Volendam (pop. 7,000) is tucked into the southwestern torner of Lake Ijssel, a vast body of water once better known to the rest of the world as the Zuider Zee. The village's fishing catch is based almost entirely on freshwater eel, a prized delicacy (usually served smoked) among the Dutch.

Yet the tens of thousands of foreign tourists who visit Volendam yearly don't come to nibble a smoked eel at the source, or merely to see the fishing fleet. They come to see the Volendamers themselves and their traditional folk dress, which is worn every day in the year.

It's a rare and lovely glimpse of Old Holland, a page out of that childhood classic *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates*—women and girls in billowing striped skirts. embroidered aprons and "butterfly" caps; men and boys in black from tip to toe, with short-billed caps. baggy trousers and tight jackets with gold buttons. And nearly everybody, young and old, clomps about in wooden shoes—naturally.

Among Dutch Catholics (40 per cent of the country's population). Volendam (Continued next page)



is famed for something more noteworthy than its eel catch or folk dress. It is a 100 per cent Catholic community—fervently so. Volendam has, for example, sent proportionally more of its sons and daughters into the service of the Church than any other town, village, or city in the country.

Typical of its citizens is the Schilder family, headed by Gerrit Schilder, a muscular, wind-burned fisherman of forty-two, and his wife, Grietje, a calm, blonde woman a few years younger. Like most Volendam families, theirs is a big one—eight tow-headed, fine-looking children, four boys and four girls.

Curiously, there are only seven Christian names for the eight of them—Gerrit fourteen, Dik twelve, Grietje eleven, Maartje nine, Gerrit (second of that name, not even counting the father) seven, Styntje six, Geertje four, and Jannetje, one-year-old. But this duplication of names doesn't cause any confusion in the Schilder household: the older boy is simply referred to as "Great" Gerrit, his brother as "Little" Gerrit.

The Schilders own their home, a small brick house as traditional as the clothes they wear. Built almost a century ago, it looks like its neighbors and is set below the level of the broad main dike, which is also Volendam's main street.

Inside, the wood-paneled living room, snug and spotlessly clean in the Dutch way, resembles a ship's cabin. To the back is the small kitchen, with a gas stove and also an electric one, but no refrigerator, washing machine, or other modern appliances. How many bedrooms? None at all—at least not in the usual sense. The Schilders, like their forefathers, sleep in bedsteden, which are shallow closets set in the living room wall and fitted out with beds like Pullman berths.

Gerrit Schilder, descendant of a long line of fishermen, is half-owner and skipper of the "VD 104," a broadbeamed, 60-foot fishing smack. Besides himself and his partner, there are two crewmen to handle the lines.

URING much of the year, they work hard and long, usually leaving port as early as 2 A.M. and often not returning for 36 hours. After a short lay-over, sometimes less than eight hours when the fishing is especially good, the boat goes out again.

Last year was a good one for eel fishermen on Lake Ijssel-the total catch ran to nearly 10 million lbs. Gerrit Schilder, who is entitled to one-quarter of his boat's haul, earned 8200 florins, roughly \$2200. With nine dependents in his family, he had no in-

come tax to pay; but health, accident, and old-age insurance premiums took away \$300.

Yet a net income of \$1900 stretches a long way in Holland, even for a large family. Thanks to the country's big agricultural production, food is relatively cheap, even by European standards. The family's diet is wholesome and simple—cheese, butter, bread, potatoes, vegetables, but relatively little meat. Like all Volendam families, on the other hand, they eat a lot of fish—snoehbar, a kind of pickerel, and of course much eel.

Grietje Schilder makes almost all the family's clothes: in fact, she's obliged to. The Volendam costume is not to be found ready-made in shops but must be painstakingly sewn at home by every housewife. A woman's elaborately embroidered dress often requires as much as 40 to 50 hours of work.

With her husband often away, Grietje has a busy time from morning to night, taking care of the children, washing clothes, and preparing meals. Her hours are very long, but then so are her husband's and those of most Dutchmen. Indeed, they make up a nation with a gift for hard work, with a belief that this is in some way a divine commandment.

In some country districts of Holland this is a lesson that the mother teaches her child as soon as he is old enough to understand. One day she will lift him onto her lap and then, turning his palms upward, she will say something like this: "Look closely, little one—do you see some lines in your left hand that form the letter 'M'? That stands for the word 'Man.' And now look in your right hand and you will see some lines forming a 'W', which stands for the word 'Work.' Together these letters mean 'Man must work.' This lesson was put in your hands by God the Father, and you must never forget it."

As a whole, the Dutch people never do. In them this trait of industriousness goes a long way toward explaining why there is a Holland in the first place.

By the laws of nature, much of the country should not exist at all. More than one-quarter of its surface lies below sea level (the very name "Holland" means "hollow land"). If there is a rich and bountiful country by that name today, it is thanks to a people's ceaseless toil, to their dogged determination to wrest land from the sea.

This is a struggle stretching back 23 centuries and which, even today, is the price of survival for 11 million Dutchmen. Raising dikes, digging countless ditches to drain fields, carving out long canals to lead the water off to the sea—these are the homely but basic

triumphs of the Dutch through the years.

The sum of this accumulated labor staggers the imagination. Holland is one of Europe's smallest countries, even smaller than Switzerland, and three Hollands would fit handily into the state of Kentucky. And yet, in this little area, a hundred generations of Dutchmen, using nothing but rude spades and wheelbarrows until modern times, have scooped out a prodigious network of ditches and canals.

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Consider this fact alone: if all these ditches and canals were combined and then laid end to end, they would form a double waterway, each branch deeper and wider than the Suez Canal, and stretching a distance as great as from New York to San Francisco.

PRIDE in country and hard work is an integral part of the Dutch character. But in people like the Schilder family of Volendam, it does not lead to a materialistic outlook on life. Ouite the contrary.

This is apparent as soon as one steps inside their house. Except for family photographs and one of the father's boats under sail, all the many pictures on the walls are of saints and of the Mother and Child. The family's daily life is notably pious.

The six oldest children, for example, begin each day by going to early Mass. There is grace before each meal, of course, and the Schilders, like all Volendamers, stop whatever they're doing and bow their heads in prayer when the Angelus bell rings from nearby St. Vincent's. Often, in the late afternoon, the children go once again to church, and in the evening the family says the Rosary together, followed by the Litany of Our Lady.

Gerrit Schilder, too, out on Lake Ijssel with his fishing smack, gives evidence of the Volendamer's constant awareness of God. Each time the fishing lines are thrown out, he and his crew-mates doff their caps and bow their heads in prayer, asking the Lord's blessing on their work.

For their children's future, Grietje and Gerrit Schilder have no fixed ambitions except one: that they may grow up with a deepening awareness of their Faith, that they be Catholics in fact as in name, practicing charity and hospitality to all, whatever the slenderness of their means.

And then, too, in the back of each parent's mind, as is true of other mothers and fathers in Volendam, there is yet another hope: that one or more of their sons may reveal a vocation for the priesthood, and so continue Volendam's proud tradition as a cradle for Dutch priests.

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Reviews in Brief

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William Faulkner's THE SOUND AND THE FURY has been translated into screen terms which are mature, provocaive, and occasionally impressive. This allegorical novel centers around the surviving members of a decadent dynasty. an unattractive and amoral group presided over by a tyrannical half-brother who is determined to keep the family name in the social bracket of the community. Played by Yul Brynner, he dominates the story and the screen, ruling a family which contains an alcoholic, a nymphomaniac, a mentally retarded mute, and a teen-age girl whose inclination s to follow in the steps of her promiscuous mother. An unhealthy and unattractive lot at best, the film is made palatable only by intelligent planning and writing, which skirts the ensational without becoming deeply mired. Joanne Woodward, Margaret Leighton, John Beal, Stuart Whitman, Ethel Waters, and Jack Warden supply acting skill in roles of varying length in this adult study of a dissipated tribe. (20th Century-Fox)

the problems of a young Negro girl who desires to "pass" as white take precedence over the romantic involvements of the nominal leads. Honesty in handling the race question makes the film more engrossing than its basic theme would warrant, for the main plot line concerns a stage star and her daughter who fall in love with the same man. The acting is fine, with Juanita Moore, as a colored mother, giving a truly beautiful portrayal. Susan Kohner as her daughter, Lana Turner and Sandra Dee as the white mother-daughter team. John Gavin, Dan O'Herlihy, and Robert Alda also contribute handsomely to a film designed primarily for the discerning adult audience. (Universal-International)

TEMPEST is a joint undertaking of Italian, French, and Yugoslav moviemakers filmed against the rugged terrain of the latter country. It is an action spectacle based on two of Alexander Pushkin's novels, set in the era of Czar Peter III and Catherine II. Although the plot is often complicated and occasionally tedious, compensations come in two battle scenes and one sequence depicting a spring festival. The cosmo-

STAGE AND SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

AL CAPONE re-creates a ruthless figure from the Prohibition era, an unprincipled and amoral thug who rose to the heights of gangdom through the indifference, if not the support, of a public inured to corruption. The theme is especially pertinent today, for the same mobs, using less brutal actics, have stretched similar tentacles into hitherto respectable businesses. In Capone's heyday, the gangs were content to control vice, but he instituted the policy of infiltrating almost every facet of the national life. This is not just another gangster yarn, for it has in it the means of alerting a new generation to the dangers of mob control no matter how "respectable" the façade. Rod Steiger is splendid as the lough thug, drunk with power and money, and he receives A-I support from Fay Spain. James Gregory, Murvyn Vye, Martin Balsam, and Nehemiah Persoff. (Allied Artists)

ALIAS JESSE JAMES gives Bob Hope his opportunity to satirize the shopworn Western formula, and he comes through with a fair share of laughs. As an effete, Eastern, insurance salesman who unwittingly issues a life policy on Jesse James, the irrepressible Hope has a farce field day. A slapstick dimax ties up the loose ends with laughter if not conviction. The supporting cast includes Rhonda Fleming, Wendell Corey, and a passel of famous TV cowboys, but this incredible shivaree is 100 per cent Hope. (United Artists)

IMITATION OF LIFE is an updated version of the 1934 movie and the Fannie Hurst novel, drenched with sentimentality, exceptionally well acted, and intelligently realistic in handling race relationships. Although it is a secondary plot,



Imperial soldier Geoffrey Horne and Cossack leader Van Heflin in "Tempest"

politan cast includes Silvana Mangano, Van Heflin. Agnes Moorehead, Helmut Dantine, Viveca Lindfors, and Geoffrey Horne. For its visual assets and unique backgrounds, this is worthy of attention. (Paramount)

When a gang of nineteenth-century delinquents intimidate the inhabitants of a frontier town, the locals import a pair of gunfighters to settle the issue. Though hardly a sound solution to the problem, it proves effective in WARLOCK, a Western several notches above the usual level of cactus sagas. The story blends mood and action quite convincingly, due largely to the expert performances of Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Anthony Quinn, Dorothy Malone, Tom Drake, Richard Arlen, and Regis Toomey. Though overlong, the film does hold interest as the townfolk wrestle with their consciences and the hoodlums. (20th Century-Fox)

W. H. Hudson's classic, GREEN MANSIONS makes a belated screen debut with mixed results. A beautiful film, the result of a 25,000-mile camera trek through Venezuela,



Marshal Henry Fonda, Dolores Michaels, and cowboy Richard Widmark in "Warlock"



Wendell Corey and Bob Hope in "Alias Jesse James," satire on shopworn Western plots

Colombia, and British Guiana, it captures the lush, brooding loveliness of the jungle and forest described so vividly by Hudson back in 1904. It is a moot question whether the film duplicates the impact of the wilderness romance in its original form. Certainly the scenes of peril and adventure are artfully designed, and Audrey Hepburn as the innocent Rima is both attractive and believable. However, in direction by Mel Ferrer and the interpretation of Abel by Anthony Perkins, it lacks strength and conviction. If the finished product does not fully measure up to expectations, there is sufficient value in this study of evil's impact on innocence to warrant attention from audiences of every age. (M-G-M)

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The New Plays

GOD AND KATE MURPHY, a stern drama by two of Ireland's angry young men, withered and died on the Broadway vine after nine somber performances. Kiernan Tunney and John Synge have written a play with moments of spirited humor and powerful drama. It is also a theme which is bound to create controversy: the domination of an Irish mother over her two grown sons. The principal figure is an iron-willed widow, keeper of a tavern in a small village near Cork. By devious and ruthless method she has kept her older son at her side, to provide financial security, and has practically forced the younger through the seminary. When, on vacation, he meets and falls in love with a village girl, mother schemes and lies to ruin their friendship. The ending is bitter and tragic, though not without a moral inspiration. She has her "priest in the family," but no family. In its attitude toward the Irish mother, this is at the oppo-



Wilderness romance between Audrey Hepburn and Anthony Perkins is theme of "Green Mansions"

site end of the spectrum from "Mother Machree" of song and story and just as unrealistic. In spite of its flaws, this was an absorbing and realistic drama in many places. It received brilliant interpretation from Fay Compton, the Abbey's Maureen Delaney, John McGiver, and Larry Hagman.

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS is a musical confection which derives its minor inspirations from Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*. A genteel shenanigan polished by Abe Burrows with less than sensational success, it is pleasant, occasionally diverting, and monumentally miscast. Polly Bergen and Farley Granger play 1813-era romantics with all the finesse of a third-rate summer-stock team, while Hermione Gingold shines but briefly as a boisterous Mrs. Bennett busily engaged in marrying off five daughters. The choreography and the score are undistinguished in this musical charade which is wholesome, colorfully staged, and all-too-briefly rewarding.

Tennessee Williams continues his survey of depravity in **SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH**, a searing, sordid drama rooted in the author's despair and despondency. The Williams alent is tremendous, but, as he has done so often in the past, he dissipates it on a theme which reaches the lowest depths and remains there. His principal characters are an aging, former movie star and a contemptible young man she has annexed during a temporary sojourn in a small Gulf city. The moral decay, which Williams depicts with morbid frankness, is almost overpowering. Geraldine Page and Paul Newman, as the decadent pair, squeeze every shock and intimation from their roles in portrayals which are professionally mem-

orable. Jo Mielziner's setting, Paul Bowles' music, the direction of Elia Kazan, and the supporting work of Sidney Blackmer, Rip Torn, and Diana Hyland are in tune with the moods incanted by the author. It is most unfortunate that he must continue to wade in the mud of despair and degeneracy when his talent is so great.

Sean O'Casey's classic. Juno and the Paycock, is the basis for JUNO, a modern-style musical play in which the combined talents of some exceptionally gifted people prove insufficient. The wisdom of adapting this O'Casey drama to the musical form is not apparent in the Marc Blitzstein score, the Agnes deMille choreography, or the over-all interpretation. Determinedly raffish, less than complimentary in its handling of locale, people, or faith, the play reflects the bitterness of the O'Casey philosophy, the author's fury and despair, without capturing the poetry or the compassion underlying the scorn. The objections which can be raised against the original O'Casey are all valid here, plus those which stem from the mediocrity of the added musical-stage ingredients.

LOOK AFTER LULU is an ancient French farce, revised by Noel Coward, staged by Cyril Ritchard, and presented with anticipation. Set in 1908, the sex charade is presented in the manner of that era, lush, stylized, and frantically unfunny. Boudoir comedy, often in questionable taste, it substitutes sound and fury for genuine humor and exuberance. Roddy MacDowall, Tammy Grimes, and Polly Rowles are amusing, but the hurdles are too high for them and too low for the audience.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY:

A Majority of One; La Madre; The Music Man; The Rivalry; Sunrise at Campobello; Fashion; Tall Story

(On Tour) Ice Capades; Old Vic Repertory

FOR ADULTS:

A Raisin in the Sun; A Touch of the Poet; The Boy Friend; The Disenchanted; First Impressions; Flower Drum Song; The Gazebo; J B; My Fair Lady; Our Town; The Pleasure of His Company; The Quare Fellow; Redhead (On Tour) Bells are Ringing; Romanoff and Juliet; Say Darling

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:

Jamaica; Juno; Look Homeward. Angel; La Plume de Ma Tante; Once More, With Feeling; Rash-

(On Tour) Li'l Abner; The Dark at the Top of the Stairs

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:

Look After Lulu; Make a Million; The Marriage-Go-Round; Sweet Bird of Youth; The World of Suzie Wong; Time of the Cuckoo; Two for the Seesaw; Threepenny Opera; West Side Story

(On Tour) Auntie Mame; Look Back in Anger



Farley Granger and Polly Bergen are a romantic pair in "First Impressions"



by Robert J. McAllister, M.D.

ALL PARENTS punish their children. They do not all punish in the same way. Some punish physically, others psychologically. Some punish publicly, others privately. Some punish deliberately, others unwittingly.

A few parents will immediately protest that they never punish their children. These same parents may be punishing their children most severely and most harmfully. Spanking, turning off television, scolding, and standing in the corner are not the only forms of punishment. Withdrawal of parental love is another form of punishment. It is the most severe and most harmful kind.

Those who go through their childhood so "good" that they never need punishment may be living with a fear so great that they are afraid to be bad. This terrible fear that makes them too rigid to perform any childhood pranks is the fear: "If I am not good, mother and father will no longer love me.' These parents say to their children, either in words or by attitude, "Mother cannot love a naughty child," "Father only loves good children."

A child does not live in fear of wars.

A child is not uneasy about the racial and religious strife of his community or of the world. A child does not worry about the effects of atomic radiation. A child fears, as no one else can fear, the loss of parental love. It is his all. Its loss is more disastrous than war, strife, disease, or death. No punishment can compare with the loneliness, the emptiness, of an unloved child.

Parents who bargain with a child as they exchange their love for his obedience may come to know the rest of that bargain. Some day they will exchange their emptiness and disappointment for their child's estrangement and disrespect. A child must not be made to feel he must earn his parents' love. This is a free gift that is his birthright.

There is another group of parents who deceive themselves and say, "I never punish my child." The children of these parents are not the "good" children who never do wrong. They are instead the unfortunate children whose parents care not whether they do right or wrong. These children grow up uncorrected, unruly-and unhappy. And this is the punishment their parents

give to them-the unhappiness of being disliked by their playmates, despised by their neighbors, disowned by their comPu

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Some good parents believe that the punishment of children is criminal. Some criminals believe that, had they been properly punished as children, they might have been good parents. Punishment can be either a revenge or an education. As revenge, it benefits the one who punishes. As education, it benefits the one who is punished. Punishment cannot correct the wrong, but it can correct the wrongdoer.

There are dozens of ways in which children can be punished. There are only a few ways in which they should be punished. Too often the method of punishment depends on the personality of the parent. It should depend on the personality of the child. Too often the amount of punishment depends on the wrath of the parent. It should depend on the responsibility of the child. Too often the value of punishment depends on the appeasement of the parent. It should depend on the appreciation of the child.

The type of punishment should fit the temperament of the child. To spank one child makes him better. To spank another child makes him bitter. So the same punishment helps the one and harms the other. To sit quietly in the corner for fifteen minutes makes one child reasonable. It makes another child resentful. To scold one child makes him try. To scold another child makes him try. No parent is wise enough to know in advance what punishment is best for his child. Any parent can learn.

Whatever the special temperament of the individual child, they all have fundamental qualities as human beings that should be respected. A mental patient told how he was stripped and beaten with a clothesline by an uncle who took care of him during his early adolescent years. He suffered physically from the ting of the rope. These scars were superficial. He suffered psychologically from the humiliation and degradation of being stripped naked in his pubertal years. These scars were deep and have remained unhealed.

Punishment that degrades the individual cannot be expected to uplift him, to improve him. Parents who ridicule their children, either privately or before others, are sadly more ridiculous themselves. Unfortunately, some teachers are prone to punish by humiliating the child in front of his schoolmates. There is something weak and vicious in those who must degrade others to remain superior to them.

There are other ways of degrading those that are punished. To make children perform some useless, repetitious act as a form of punishment is to belittle them. They are quick to see the unfairness of a parent or teacher who makes them write one hundred times "Why I must obey." To write a part of the multiplication table fifty times might be unpleasant. The repetition would at least be useful.

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To make a child go to a party with a torn dress as a punishment for not taking better care of clothes is a humiliation. A child who is not respected by his parents cannot have self-respect. A child who is humiliated by his parents cannot have a healthy sense of pride.

Proper punishment does not increase the natural distance between parent and thild. Parents who hold their children on their knee frequently need not fear putting them across their knee occasionally. In a way this is the type of punishment which brings parent and child most closely together.

Punishment which forces parent and child apart is neither helpful nor healthy for the child. To stand in the corner of the kitchen with face to the wall while mother fixes supper is punishment. But there is warmth and nearness in such an arrangement. To go to bed without supper is also punishment. But there is coldness and separation. Revolutions have been born of starving stomachs and distant dictators. Revolt burns in the hearts of lonely, hungry children—sent to their room, separated from family, unseen, unheard, unfed.

To be useful, punishment must be understood. If only the parent understands it, then it is useful only to him. The child must understand, too, for it to be useful to him.

A three-year-old girl breaks a cheap cup on Saturday and is told by mother to be more careful. When she breaks an imported china cup on Sunday, she cannot understand mother's fury. A comment may satisfy for one cup. A spanking seems insufficient satisfaction for another cup. To a three-year-old, any cup is a dish from which to drink milk.

• Silence is the most perfect expression of scorn.—Irish Digest

And milk is just as good from one cup as another. If mother loved the china cup so much, then why didn't she use it all the time? For the child it is the favorite dolly, the best-loved blanket, his very own book that is worn out by use. Punishment should not be proportionate to a price tag. Only parents understand about price.

A two-year-old may run into the living room lacking some rather essential clothing. If only the family is present, he may elicit some laughter and attention. If the pastor happens to be visiting, he may elicit a scolding and a slap. The two-year-old cannot be expected to know that conduct suitable for the family may not be conduct suitable for the guests. It is gross inconsistency to reward him for behavior at one time and later to punish him for the same behavior. Punishment should not be proportionate to the prestige of visitors. Only parents understand about prestige.

Punishment should not only fit the crime: it should also follow the crime. Time is not understood by tots. To be punished after dinner for sticking his tongue out after breakfast is unfair from the child's viewpoint. Delayed punishment carries with it additional punishment, the fear and apprehension in waiting. In mid-morning mother tells

Frankie that he will be punished in late evening when father comes home. Frankie suffers more throughout the day from the dread of dad's heavy hand than he does in the evening from the actual spanking. No one likes to dwell on the thought of going to the dentist. The apprehension is usually worse than the pain.

Time itself is an important element in punishment. A child lives in the present. Yesterday and tomorrow are vague. Punishment should not only be in the present but for the present. The future should not become something which the child thinks of as a part of punishment. A five-year-old cannot watch television for a week because he called his sister a bad name. By bedtime both he and his sister will have forgotten the incident. By the end of the week he will be using the same bad name to describe his parents for not letting him watch television. The only thing he may have learned is not to say it out loud.

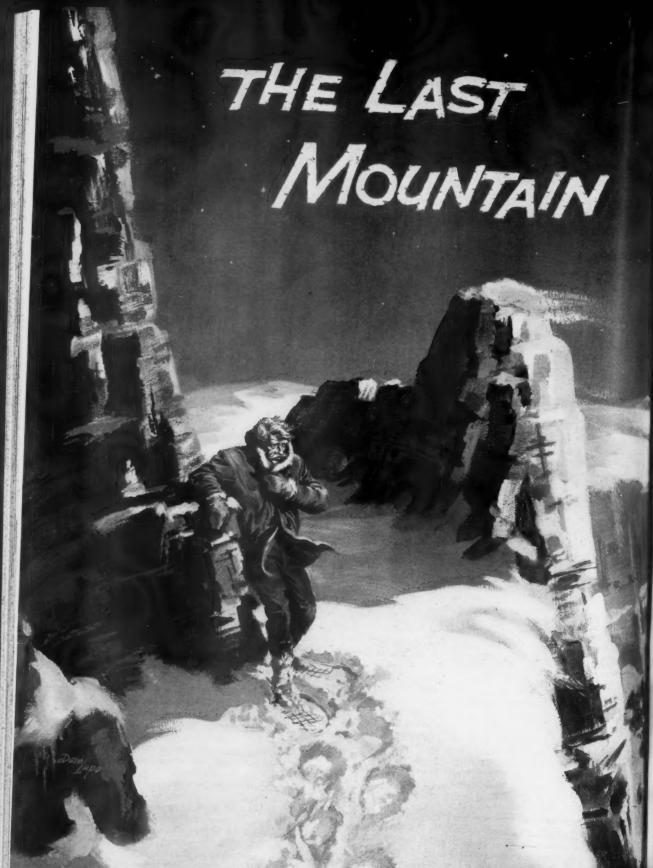
A mentally ill patient described how her mother refused to let her go to the movies for one year because she stole one dollar from her mother's purse. Fortunately that misguided mother will never know the burning resentment and terrifying hostility that grew within that girl as each weekend she watched her playmates and school chums go to the neighborhood movies, leaving her lonely.

Parents often feel that they will lose the love of their children by punishing them. Children who are uncorrected and unpunished feel that their parents do not really love them. Parents who love a child punish that child out of love. Parents who do not love a child subject that child to the most cruel punishment—lack of love.

To be constructive, the password of punishment should be trust. If a parent expects a child to do wrong, that parent will find punishments frequent but fruitless. A child learns to do what is expected of him. If a child is punished because he is a bad child, he will become worse. If a child is punished because he is a good child who can do better, he will do better. To trust a child does not mean to believe he can do no wrong. To trust a child means to believe that he can do well and that, as he learns through education and experience and occasionally punishment, he can do better.

To punish a child when he is wrong is only a part of the process of education. If he deserves punishment when wrong, he deserves praise when right. A parent who withholds such praise is himself wrong. Punishment keeps the child on the right road, but praise keeps him going forward.

A former instructor in the Department of Psychology and Psychiatry at Catholic University, ROBERT J. McALLISTER, M.D., is now on the staff of Seton Institute, Baltimore, Maryland.



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LeClaron knew there was little time. He knew also that once more he had to climb his mountain to find the peace he had known. But was there time?

by FRANK P. JAY

He couldn't sleep that night. It was as if he could hear the rolling wagon that Zine used to say a man could hear before he was to die. But of course, the only wagons that Joe LeClaron could hear were the pulp trucks dead-heading back north along the highway into the mountains, now that they no longer used the river to drive the logs as they had when LeClaron was young.

It was a great excitement that kept LeClaron awake, because he knew exactly what he was going to do. When he sure that the other old men were Meep, he dressed carefully and warmly in the dark, because the trip he was about to take was an important one but long and cold. There wasn't much to take really. He had his jackknife and a blue bandana handkerchief. He hesimed a moment, then decided to leave his pipe. The tobacco wouldn't go to vaste surely. There in that drowsy place the old men smoked a great deal and murmured together of the big timher cut in the forests of the past, of the flowing river, of things half dreamed, half remembered, in the evening while they waited to go to sleep.

In that quiet place, Joe LeClaron had not been content because it was a place for the old and the drowsy. He, Joe LeClaron, was one who would never be an old man. In his heart for ninety years he knew this.

He laced his ancient, river-driver's, steel-calked boots and smiled a secret mile. He had come to this warm place because the winter is cold and because they had asked him, not because he might not have gone elsewhere. He would never be a burden to his friends even though there were no doors closed to LeClaron and his violin. Small children ran to meet him, now as ever, to beg for his songs, although now he might forget some stanzas before the ending. And who indeed could graft a tree like Joe LeClaron, or find water, deep in the cool earth, with only the lorked apple branch grown suddenly alive and twisting downward like a serpent in his hands? Who could shoe a horse as light and surely? Or set a broken arm or help a woman in her pain to bring forth the little child? Did men not still speak, from Trois Rivieres in the Province down through the black and happy mountains as far as Glens Falls, of Joe LeClaron and his flying feet on the roaring logs of the river drives in the old days among such legendary men as Jack Humphries, Linus Hennessy, Hughie Hogan, Big Mike Novac. . . .

An aged sleeper turned and moaned restlessly. LeClaron wound his big watch and placed it and its golden chain beside his pipe and his other pair of shoes. It was time to go. From under the bed he took the wooden violin case and went downstairs to the door. He owed them no debt there. They had been paid in music, in priceless contentment. They would miss Joe LeClaron, those sleepy old men, but he had things to do that could not wait.

The doctors had been kind. They fussed a long time with the things that listen to a man's heart. They said nothing but they forgot the mirror on the wall. In the little mirror, LeClaron watched their faces and saw the sadness as they looked at each other behind him and shook their heads. That was why he knew there was little time.

He closed the door quietly and stood alone in the snow. There are so many things left undone in such a short time as a man is given on earth: so many black pools to fish in, so many flashing rivers; so many books to read, paths to follow, mountains to climb. Having climbed his mountain once, LeClaron had learned a pure and peaceful moment. It was there that he was heading to capture it once more before his short time was over. It was so right for him after all to do this. It's good for a man to climb a mountain to a quiet place: a place where the world looks small and far away; a place where a man can think clearly and pray well. And there was so little time.

Once on the highway, he headed north. It was bitterly cold but windless and it was good to be in the cold air again. He didn't raise his hand but merely half-turned at the sound of the truck. Even though he was approaching an upgrade, the driver stopped for Le-Claron.

In two hours' time they had climbed the winding roads, crossed the river and, by one in the morning, had come to the foot of the four-mile hills where the road leaves the river at the village of Middle Creek.

Middle Creek lies in the valley of the river. From there northward, the land rises on all sides, steep and broken. Le-Claron's mountain was seven miles north and west of the river.

In a man's lifetime some pure moments occur when he lies by the running water with the ferns in his eyes, and he watches the separate crystals of the white sand tumble slowly through the rocks, before he drinks, and no drinking is ever again so fulfilling, with the hidden odor of the earth, of deep roots, and of sunken stones in his nostrils and the sound of secret water that murmurs forever in his ears.

And there is one time when the black pond is an onyx mirror and the first star hangs, molten, over the western mountains, when not even a single leaf stirs. At such a time a man may turn and find, suddenly, le bon Dieu, once only, by his side, and never again is there any sound but laughter in a gray world. To know again the pure moment, what roads would a man not travel?

Oh it was cold. LeClaron began his walk slowly. Setting his back to the river he headed along the road that ended four miles up the brook at the lake. Beyond the lake lay the forest, frozen now, but always dark, always secret, and, rising high above them, his mountain, its peak sharp and wind-scoured above the three ridges on its granite shoulders.

Contentment had come to Joseph Le-Claron once on the mountain. The white shad blossoms, which he had not seen then in his leaden grief, were blown tumbling over his head by the April wind among the high ledges where he had climbed to pray and to be alone. For his only child had been taken from him by death. His Angélique! His sunshine. His starlight. Less than two brief years after Zine, her beautiful mother, had gone to God in bringing her to Joe LeClaron. His life had grown suddenly dark as the black river, but even then he had not despaired.

Half a springtime day he had climbed, numbly, over the slopes covered with first-growth timber so tall and solemn there grew no undergrowth in its shade. Then over the three set-back ridges he'd gone to the top, where the wind came roaring by, wild as a stallion with a streaming mane, to dry LeClaron's tears of sorrow and take his grief away and calm his heart so torn with early parting. He'd wept and fallen asleep at last and awakened a day later in peace. He'd never married again.

The road rose and rose and the frost jewels crackled in the starlight. He passed the first farm. It was there that he had come first as a boy along the same road. The buildings were almost unchanged. It had belonged to Cass Fiskus whose wife, Emily, had drowned in a river crossing and whose daughter had kept her father alive for twenty years when he could not rise beyond his grief as LeClaron had.

A mile beyond he came to the second clearing. A sliver of waning moon had risen, its light magnified over the snow. Below him he could see, spread out on the southern hillside, three other farms. The first was Beekman's, and it looked as fine as ever: tight barns and painted houses, with fences kept and meadows cleared. The next, near the woods, was Joe Barrel's, where LeClaron had stayed through seven winters in the big, unpainted farmhouse. Brutally cold. strong, and somehow defiant, it seemed to say, "Here we stand on the perimeter of the void, Joe Barrel and I. We scorn the tight-roofed comfort. The deer pass near to us and in our pines the deep wind speaks an Algonquin sound that tells of days before living in warm houses made women out of warrior's sons."

The third farm LeClaron could hardly see. It was just as well. He knew every inch of its rambling structure, its barns and sheds and pens. There he had lived with his lovely Zine. There Angélique had been born, in the

happy springtime.

He had given the farm to Thomas Steele, who had no home and who needed a roof for his sons and daughters. Women died so young in those days. Steele was like a careful mother and had cared for the children and brought the farm into brilliant flower. His sons had grown there into strength and wisdom and had gone beyond the valley as good men out into a world that needs good men. They had never forgotten the name of Joe LeClaron.

The same mountains. The same starlight. LeClaron passed the clearing then and his road went for an hour through the woods where the frozen branches met overhead.

The last clearing belonged to George Wadsworth at the end of the road under the mountain. A dog barked in the barn as LeClaron went quietly into George's woodshed. All doors were open

to LeClaron, but he would not disturb the rest of a friend. In the dark, he stepped over the chopping block and felt along the wall. They were still

He took down the snowshoes and, hesitating only once, hung in their place the violin. Adieu, mon ancien! Au revoir, ma musique! Always he had given more than he had received, but never until now had he given so much. But there was memory, even that a ghost and trustless. Oh the flying laughter of the young and beautiful, so full of love! the reeling sets of dancers! the solemn turnings of the old and stately and grave! In his life LeClaron had done none but small things but each thing well, and could any man have fewer regrets? All of them might go as many had, gone away from here, but wherever they went in the world they would, each one some day, whistle thoughtlessly, a tune in a distant country, the straying ember of LeClaron's music, and they would remember where they came from. They would remember the river and the hemlock and the sunlight, for he wove a spell around them with his fiddle and his hands.

Bending down, he laced the cold, stiff rawhide of the snowshoe harnesses tightly. Now he could travel fast and

far over the deepest snow.

It was after three in the morning when LeClaron began his climb. At the first set of ledges he stopped and rested. The slope was steep and hard, even for a man as good on snowshoes as Joe Le-Claron. The gray granite of the ledges was windswept and clear of snow. He was very tired but very excited. He listened to the wind moving above him in the higher ledges and, turning, he could look down on the road that he had just traveled, past the farms, down to the river, in the light of the little moon. There were tiny pinpoints of light in one or two kitchens, already far below him. Above him. Orion, the hunter of wintertime, lay slanting in the sky.

LeClaron climbed again. The wind's crying was coming closer. Then suddenly, oddly, there was another sound, a tiny, iron sound. He listened a long time. The sound was in a crevasse in the ledge. In the crevasse he found a fox, a trap with a broken chain on its front leg. The creature was so near to death it hardly knew that LeClaron, himself warm from climbing, had wrapped it in his mackinaw and lifted it gently out of the rock. In the second ridge of the mountain there was a cave in the side of the rock. It was there that LeClaron had gone in that sad time years before. He would rest there now before the final climb to the top. There were many dry leaves in the cave.

"One more ledge to climb and we will be at the top. Such a long and wide climb, my little one, but worth it vou will see. Lie easy in the leaves until take the trap. There. It is gone. The bone shines through, but it will soon pass, this pain. I, LeClaron, tell you so, mon pauvre. It no longer bleeds,

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"It is nearly daylight. I began this mountain in the darkness. In the dark ness and the snow. But the moon rise to help LeClaron. And to help you too. poor vixen. The cruel trap-the from frozen on your little jaw-the red coal matted. And you did not fear LeClaron It is to wonder. We are the only one alive here now and the moon is cold But soon the day will dawn. And soon the springtime.

"We will rest. But first I must kneel and pray to Our Lady. I will fast a long time that she may ask her little Son for Joe LeClaron, a sinful man and proud Always to think that he must give more than he received. And now he asks for all and can give nothing. First to pray. Then to sleep a little. Then later we will climb to the top and meet the morning."

George Wadsworth found the violin in the woodshed. He got Beekman and the Steeles and, following the snowshoe track, they climbed into the mountain after their old friend. They found where he had rested. They found the crevasse and, reading the story of the trap, glanced sadly at one another, knowing LeClaron's gentle heart. It was there in the cave that they found him in his long sleep, with the frozen vixen close beside him in the soft, dry leaves.

From the ledge in front of the cave, with the first light of morning, Le-Claron could have seen below him the long valley for forty miles: the snake of the river, white and silent now at the foot of the Sawtooth mountains, the village of Middle Creek, the steeple of Saint James, the tiny morning smokes from homes of friends gone before him for many years. He could have seen. beyond the houses, the living forests where he had spent his life.

But if he had climbed the final distance to the peak, he would have met the taintless, unimpeded air that sweeps the summit clean, where no tree grows. From that tall tongue of granite that the sun touches first in the frozen gold of dawn, he could have seen beyond the little valley, beyond the river, beyond the farthest mountain. In that wild wind, himself wrapped in the blue of the endless sky, LeClaron, to whom at last all would have been given. could have looked down and seen, so tiny, so dear, the whole, incredible world.

In consenting to suffer with Christ, Mary shared in the rebirth of humanity



THE **IMPORTANCE** MARY

by JOSEPH A. BREIG

THERE IS no one who cannot find intimate personal inspiration in the noble sorrows of the Virgin Mary. There is no one, indeed, who does not himself have burdens which he can bear nobly-and share nobly-with Mary as his Mother who completely understands.

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A wife (shall we say?) is bringing forth a child. Or a business executive is wrestling with production problems. Or a craneman is maneuvering a steel girder. Or a student is memorizing a formula, or a surgeon laboring to preserve a life. Or-but enough.

The point is that nothing is accomplished without effort. And effort brings with it some sorrow-at least the sorrow of weariness, often the sorrow of anxiety, pain, or frustration. Nonetheless, we go on striving, because the thing we are doing is worthy of the work.

The Virgin was like that. Her sorrows were deep, deep-but they were the most fruitful ever suffered.

To each of us, God gives some work to do. In doing it, each of us endures some pain. For doing it for the right reasons, each of us is blessed by God. Every one has a mission.

Mary's mission was that of loving her Son more than anyone has ever loved another human being-and of sacrificing Him for love of you and me.

We can get some notion of Mary's sorrow by imagining the person we most love dying on a cross. We can get some notion of Mary's joy by imagining the loved one returning glorious from the tomb to rejoin us. But we can get only a notion, because we do not have the sensitivity of Mary; we do not have her unselfishness; we cannot love as much as she loved.

The more one loves, the more it is possible to sorrow-but then, the more it is possible to rejoice, too. Mary's sorrows were too deep, her joys too soaring, for us to encompass completely. But a great composer's appreciation of music is greater than ours, too-but that does not mean that we cannot appreciate music or cannot learn from great musicians.

From Mary we learn about love, about sorrow, about joy, about goodness, about the splendor of doing well the work God gives into our hands.

In the Virgin we see before us a young maiden. God's most perfect creature. She is aged about fourteen, perhaps sixteen. Because she has been selected to give flesh to God Incarnate -to be the Mother of the Redeemershe has been preserved from the loss that befell the rest of us when Adam yielded to the temptations of Satan.

In Mary's intellect, then, there are no darknesses. It is all light, all clarity. In Mary's will there is no tendency to sin. Her will is firmly fastened upon God and all that God loves. What attracts her is truth. And goodness. And beauty. The emotions that shake us like a terrier shaking a rat in Mary are in perfect order, under total control. They do her bidding; she does not do theirs.

This young girl is full of grace-she is filled to overflowing with all the gifts of holiness that God can bestow upon one who is not divine, but a creature.

Mary is educated, cultivated. She is immensely intelligent. She knows the Scriptures, which are God speaking His mind and will to mankind. In addition, she has the mystical comprehensions and insights that come from holiness, from prayer, from walking always in God's presence.

Is she therefore beyond our reach, our love? Not at all.

As God makes us for certain tasks, so He made Mary, more perfectly, for the greater work she had to do.

We see her now in her moment of decision. A messenger from God, a pure spirit, the angel Gabriel, stands before her in whatever way a spirit makes himself manifest. He is waiting.

Mary realizes what he has said. The power of God is to overshadow her and, although she is the Virgin inviolable, she is to give birth to a child who is the Son of God. She is to bring into the world the Messias for whom all mankind-and, above all, the Jews of whom she is the noblest-has been waiting.

Her Son will be the Man of Sorrows. And she will be the Woman of Sorrows, because every sorrow of His will be hers. She who is merely human will share the burdens of one who is human -but also divine.

Mary has asked the central questionhow shall this be, since she knows not man-and has received her answer. It will be done by the power of God. God, who asks every father and mother to share with Him His creative power, is asking Mary to share in the rebirth of humanity in the spirit, in the supernatural order.

Mary accepts, despite the consequences to her. With dignity, with literary beauty, she replies, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy Word."

Thus did Mary speak because, by her arduous, ever-faithful co-operation with divine grace, she had attained the height of spirituality where one shrinks from nothing in the service of God and fellow men.

She had achieved the ultimate in courage. To give one's life for another, in battle say, is difficult enough. To do so under torture is unthinkably hard. But to give oneself utterly for a life time, this is martyrdom piled on martyrdom. And that was what this maiden quietly agreed to do.

To what, altogether, was she consenting? What sorrows accepting? We cannot answer completely, because we cannot experience or imagine the height and depth and breadth of her sorrows. But we can answer in part.

Mary agreed to share with Christ the war against malice. She was to step with Him on to a spiritual battlefield raging with the terrifying powers of hatred, envy, cruelty, obscenity, depravity—of all that turns cold the heart.

She consented, too, to join with Christ in conquest of the darkness and dissolution we call death. She was to die a death for each of us, while He died His death for each of us also.

She was to love her Son with a love greater than all loves together of angels and of men. And loving Him so, she was to see Him tormented, torn, derided, degraded, and slain for us. And there would be no luxury of rage or hatred; she would love even those who tortured Him.

That is why a devotion much loved by Catholics is that of honoring these Seven Sorrows of the Virgin Mary:

- ► Simeon's prophecy, upon beholding the Christ Child in Mary's arms, that a sword of agony would pierce her beart
- ► Her flight into Egypt with Joseph to save the Child from Herod's executioners.
- ► The anxious search for Jesus when He was in the temple conversing with the learned men.
- ► Her meeting with Jesus as He carried His cross to Calvary.
 - ► Her Son's crucifixion.
- The taking down of His body from the cross.
 - ► His burial.

In consenting to suffer with Christ, Mary became more fruitful in virginity, brought forth more life, than all other women together. What she agreed to do for God and for us was to mother us all, every last one, not for the temporal life of the flesh, but for the eternal life of soul and glorified body.

In that moment, this Virgin Mother of ours was like a soldier advancing into battle, determined to win at whatever cost. She was like a martyr entering the scene of death. She was like a man who takes upon himself responsibility for a great industry. She was like every one of us when we encompass a difficult and frightening duty.

She was like the mother in the delivery room, to whom we referred earlier. She was like the business executive, the craneman, the student, the surgeon. She was like a statesman laboring for peace, like an airman shuddering through the sound barrier to prepare for defense of justice should defense become necessary. Mary was like you and like me when we do our duty, whatever it be.

Mary knew her task and measured up to it as we strive to do. She was sensitive, tender, filled with life and leve and apprehension of beauty—bu beyond all else she was brave with the bravery that can move the world by giving up everything for arduous duty.

Each in his own way, we are all called upon to be lesser Mary's. There is not one of us made without a purpose—and an important purpose. Your reason for being is not as great or as crushingly burdensome as Mary's, but the reason is great nevertheless.

Our ultimate purposes on earth are hidden in the inscrutable mind of God. If we could see everything that we mean in the divine plan, doubtless we would be awed. Not even Mary could see all that she was, because God alone can fully know and understand all His divine intentions. But there is a towering importance about the least of us, and we can glimpse it by looking at Mary our sister, Mary our mother.

Mary is human, as we are—not divine. She is a woman, not an angel. But she is lifted above the angelic choirs, she reigns with God incarnate as His queenmother—because she did the duty for which she was made.

We may think of Mary's task as tremendous and of ours as humdrum and trivial. Yet her destiny was worked out for the most part in humble household work and hidden prayer. God is not impressed by what we might call the proportions of a job. In His infinite view, from the eminence of the all-powerful, the least can be the greatest, the last first, the littlest-known the most worthwhile.

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The human Mary, the young girl, the obscure teen-ager, was chosen for an eminence beyond the ingenuity (we might say) of any mind but God's. Who could have conceived of God, the timeless, the all-sufficient, giving Himself a mother? No one but God; but God willed it, and Mary accepted, and so it was done.

You are a father, say, or a mother, and it may seem to you that you are a nobody. But how do you know that you do not stand at the head of a line of descent stretching into countless centuries and into eternity. Indeed, if you will think of it, that is what you are. God, if we may again express it in human language, has an infinitely higher opinion of you than you have of yourself. Every moment He is saying to you, come up higher.

Every tear you shed, every smile you smile, every fear or disappointment you endure, every innocent joy is more precious to God than you even faintly imagine.

As you bend to your duty, it is not too much to say that God admires you. He is all on your side: He cares immeasurably more about you than you can even conceive of caring about yourself. He wants your company: He desires, with infinite longing, your success.

You are a teacher, say; and you wonder sometimes what is the use of it all. But strange though it seems, the pupils facing you—the squirming, maddening, inattentive boys and girls—are God's images and likenesses. Could you see them as God does, their unearthly beauty, the nobility of their natures, the sublimity of their destinies, you would be stunned at the thought that you are helping them. And as you do so, God rejoices in you, He cheers you on—and His Mother delights in you.

We are all too humble, not about our merits, but about the splendor in which God has made us. The very angels pay homage because God said of us. "Let us make man to our image and likeness." These great spirits rejoice in our Mother as their queen because in her the likeness shines with unequaled perfection. But it shines in us also; and with the more glory the more we follow her and her Son, and proceed with courage to carry out our tasks. Our duties are lesser than Mary's—but magnificent for all that.

A widely syndicated columnist in the Catholic press, JOSEPH A. BREIG of Cleveland is the author of two recent books, The Family and the Cross (Regnery) and The Story of Pope John XXIII (Summit).

THE SIGN POST

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It seems a pity, inasmuch as the Eucharistic Presence is so real and thorough and complete, that it is so short-lived when we receive Holy Communion.—L. W., Ozone Park, N. Y.



The fact that for the recipient of Holy Communion the Eucharistic Presence is comparatively brief is cogent, urgent reason for making the most of the time just prior to and after Communion. However, what has just been said does not imply that the special Presence of God within the human soul is short-lived or is terminated abruptly. The dominant purpose of the Eucharist as a sacrament, as an artery of grace is to increase the divine animation of

the human soul. That is only another way of saying that the unique, supernatural Presence of God within the soul is prolonged and perfected by the transitory Eucharistic Presence. "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in him." (John 6:57) To "abide" means to remain, to stay. The special Presence of God within the soul, verified by His grace, is known as the Divine Indwelling.

The Divine Indwelling is a very practical Presence. Whatever we know and love is present to us in a very intimate way. Whatever we know and love, we possess in a very intimate way. A child is present to the mother, not only when they are in the same room, not only when she embraces the child. She also treasures the child in her mind and heart-in her soul-an embrace that even death cannot loosen, an embrace that is nonetheless real because it is psychological rather than physical. As St. Thomas has it. by means of His grace, God is present to us and within us, really and permanently, in the way that the object known is in the one knowing it, in the way that the object loved is in the one loving it. And so it is that the Eucharistic, temporary Presence of God is a divine means to prolong and perfect the Divine Indwelling in the soul which is in love with God.

Aloof?

Am a non-Catholic, studying Catholic doctrine and attending Mass. I find The Sign very helpful. There is one thing I can't understand—the aloofness of priests.—R. L.. Santa Rosa, Calif.

You mention that, when attending Protestant services, there was always someone on hand to welcome you, although the practice was somewhat overdone. In a Catholic setting, you fear you have encountered the opposite. No—aloofness is not a policy of the Church. To be aloof means to be at least reserved, possibly uninterested, unsympathetic. Naturally, some people are much more reserved than others—due to shyness or respect for others' privacy. A priest is never uninterested or unsympathetic toward a prospective convert to the Church. From your letter, we gather that

you gave no indication of your status as a non-Catholic, of your yearning for help and encouragement. We recommend that you make yourself known to the priests. Your taking the initiative is the more advisable now that you attend church in a busy parish. With a priest as instructor, you will make up for lost time.

Genuine or Not?

In the December issue of The Sign, under title of "How Catholic is Italy?" the author refers to a "South Italian Franciscan, believed to be a stigmatist." Are not all stigmatists approved by the Church? Am very much puzzled.—R. Z., New York, N. Y.

Without doubt, the Capuchin Franciscan priest known as Padre Pio has wounds which are commonly referred to as stigmata. In all probability, the author of the article meant that the wounds are believed or considered to be genuine stigmata. No question has arisen on that score, nor any doubt as to the genuineness of Father Pio's holiness. However, the Church has voiced no official judgment. Whenever a stigmatist is beatified or canonized, that official recognition is given because of a person's heroic virtue-not because of the phenomena known as the stigmatic wounds. Now and then, Catholics are puzzled, even disappointed and a bit irked, over the Church's conservatism in connection with stigmatists. However, there is ample reason for a conservative policy. All such cases are known as medical anomalies-deviations from the normal. On file there is a somewhat startling record of stigmata and other, similar phenomena which, to the superficial observer, appeared genuine but proved to be really bogus. Much medical and psychiatric investigation is called for, to outrule factors such as hysteria and diabolical intrusion and to establish scientifically that any given case of stigmata is of supernatural origin. Until death, even a stigmatist is still on probation. On the basis of personal observation of Padre Pio, we are convinced that he is, indeed, a saint among the living and that his stigmata will prove to be genuine.

Bingo

Do you think our pastor should hold bingo games on the Sunday evenings during Advent? How about the "birds of the air and the lilies of the field," not to mention scandal to our non-Catholic neighbors?—F. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Lord said also: "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting." (John 6:27) In so exhorting, and in His references to providential provision for the birds of the air and the lilies of the field, it was Our Lord's way of inveighing against abnormal solicitude for material things—to the exclusion of solicitude for the spiritual and eternal. We presume you know that parish priests receive only a token income by way of salary, and you do admit that parish income by way of collections is in dire need of supplement. Games of skill or of chance do not con-

flict with the sanctification of the Lord's Day. Provided that possible losses do not exceed one's means, gambling is not a sin. So, why should we defer to the puritanical, "Blue Law" spirit which some few non-Catholics have inherited from their Old World ancestors?

Late Vocation

Am in my early thirties, moderately well educated, but with no special training in teaching, nursing, or the like. Aside from a cloister, is there any community which would consider accepting me?—M. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

You might interview the Superior of the Carmelite Nuns, 21 East Ave., Mt. Carmel, Pa.—a community which maintains a group of extern or "outdoor" Sisters. From the Book Department of The Sign, you can order a copy of the brand new Guide to the Catholic Sisterhoods in the United States.

Christian Sacraments

Is there scriptural proof that Christ instituted all and each of the sacraments? Please cite the texts.—L. B., Ellwood City, PA.



From the characteristics which all the sacraments have in common, as well as from the formulas of institution, we know that the purpose of a sacrament is to signify in a human way and actually to transmit the supernatural gift of God known as divine grace. Only a divine Person can authorize such a gift, only a divine Person can institute a sacrament. As the first Christian priests, the Apostles were in the best position to know the mind of Christ

as to the purpose of the sacraments.

Baptism: "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son. and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (Matt. 28:18–20) The urgency of this commission is clear from the gospel of St. John: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Spirit, he can

not enter the kingdom of heaven." (3:5)

Confirmation: Although this sacrament is, in a sense, supplementary to baptism, it is nonetheless a distinct sacrament, to be imparted to those only who have been already baptized. It is so recognized whenever, in churches of the Oriental Rite, it is bestowed immediately after baptism. Our principal source of information on this sacrament is the Acts of the Apostles, "When the Apostles heard that Samaria had received the Word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John who, when they were come, prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Spirit. For He was not as yet come upon any of them, but they were only baptized. They laid their hands upon them and they received the Holy Spirit." (8:14—18) Similarly, the bestowal of Christian baptism and confirmation is recounted in the nineteenth chapter (1—6).

Holy Eucharist: For the wording of Christ's promise to give Himself to us as the Bread of Life, turn to the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. "I am the living bread which came down from heaven. The bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world. Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." (48–59) The promise divinely made was divinely kept during the Last Supper. "This is My body which is given for you. Take and eat. This is My blood of the New Testament." (Matthew, Mark, Luke) "Whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord un-

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Penance: The Christian priesthood was commissioned in forgive sins by the solemn words of the Man-God: "Ame I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. 18:18) And again: "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. Receive the Holy Spirit—whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." (John 20: 21, 22)

Extreme Unction: "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray one him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he be in sins, they shall be for given him." (James 5: 14, 15) This sacrament is intended always for the spiritual health of a patient who is serioush ill and—if providential—for his physical recovery. Although promulgated by the Apostle James, it was authorized or instituted by Christ, for the forgiveness of sins is at issue.

Holy Orders: Dependently upon the "one Mediator of God and men" (1 Tim. 2:5), the Christian priest is ordained to be "another Christ," to continue the priestly functions begun by Christ. "Every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men, in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins. Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called as Aaron was." (Hebrews 5: 1, 4) Thus the Apostle Paul emphasizes the most important function of the priest-the renewal and perpetuation of the Eucharistic sacrifice, in response to the mandate of Christ: "Do this for a commemoration of Me." (Luke 22:19) The claim of St. Paul: "For Christ, we are ambassadors, God exhorting through us" (2 Cor. 5:20), is an obvious response to the divine commission: "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15) In connection with the sacrament of Penance, we already established the competence of the Christian priesthood to forgive sins.

Matrimony: Since matrimony is a state of life and a vocation whereby parents share the powers and responsibilities of Divine Providence toward the children of the human family, it is not surprising that Christ was so intent upon restoring to marriage its original dignity and stability, even to grace it as a sacrament. The Apostle goes so far as to compare the union between husband and wife to that between Christ and the Church. "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh. This is a great sacrament, but I speak in Christ and in the Church." (Ephesians 5:31, 32) In particular, the stability of matrimony is clear from the fact that marriages are ratified divinely: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (Matt. 19:6)

Angels: Cardinals

a) Why are some of the angels, like Michael and Raphael, called "Saint"? I thought that title was reserved for those from earth who become canonized. b) Please explain the difference between Cardinal Bishops, Priests, Deacons.—M. O'S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

a) From Revelation as our only source of information, we know the names of comparatively few angels. Once merited and attained, heaven is unlosable. Hence, it is quite correct to refer to anyone in heaven as saintly. Within the Church Militant, however, the title belongs to those only who have been officially canonized.

b) According to church law, the Cardinals constitute the

Senate of the Roman Pontiff and are his chief assistants in the government of the Church. They are divided into three orders or groups: six Cardinal Bishops: fifty Cardinal Priests; and fourteen Cardinal Deacons. The present Holy Father has seen fit to increase the total of seventy which, in the past, has been canonically legal. Any Pope may increase or decrease the number. As Vicar of Christ, he is the lawmaker. The history of the College of Cardinals takes us back to the very early centuries of the Church. All those associated closely with the Bishop of Rome, as his aides, were known as cardinals. Some were bishops, some priests, others deacons. Nowadays, most cardinals are bishops, all are at least priests, none are merely deacons. The titles "Cardinal Deacon," etc. have taken on a different significance in the course of time. The Cardinal Bishops are assigned to the suburban sees adjacent to Rome. Although there are seven such sees, there are only six Cardinal Bishops because the Dean of the Sacred College presides over the See of Ostia as well as another. For the most part, the Cardinal Priests are archbishops who preside over sees more or less distant from Rome. The Cardinal Deacons are usually in service at Rome and, together with the Cardinal Bishops, are in charge of the Papal Congregations.

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A friend told me that when her adopted brother married, her mother had had a suspicion that the bride might be another child of the real mother. Have I any obligation?—M. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Certainly not now. Six years ago, the obligation was primarily that of the mother of the adopted boy. Possible complications of that kind and others exemplify the wisdom of the publication of the banns of matrimony. However, the publication of the banns can be futile, if people are not honest, forthright, and prompt. The same name and same locality of origin should have been enough to prod the mother to investigate betimes. But in all probability, the officiating priest did so.

Dying Sinners

How can I join the organization that specializes in praying for dying sinners?—S. J., VILLA PARK, ILL.

You want the Pious Union of St. Joseph for Dying Sinners. For further information as to this commendable apostolate, write to St. Peter's Church. 110 W. Madison St., Chicago 2. Ill. There are no membership fees. The sole obligation is to pray daily to St. Joseph for the dying. There is a special branch for priests with a center at St. Anthony's Friary, 3140 Meramec St., St. Louis 18, Mo.

Dedication

At baptism, our daughter was dedicated to the Mother of God. Since then, we have done nothing about it. What are the obligations?-V. P., South Bend, Ind.

Although it is not obligatory to do so, it is a commendable practice to dedicate infant boys as well as girls to the special care of the Mother of God. The benefits of so doing are obvious, because of the unique relationship between Mary and the Almighty. We suggest that you reread "Unique—Not Usual" in Sign Post of March (page 53). There are no "cut and dried" obligations, but until your daughter attains understanding, we suggest that you and your husband pray to the Mother of God for her, earnestly and

daily. You will find appropriate prayers in your prayerbook. Why not the "Hail Holy Queen" or the "Memorare" composed by St. Bernard? For the time being, you are your daughter's spokesmen. Later on, she will be educated, with the help of the teaching Sisters, in the providential relationship between the Mother of God and herself. Whether young or old according to human calendars, we need to be mothered by the Mother of the God-Man.

Purgatory

For a non-Catholic who does not believe in Purgatory. where can I find a pertinent text in the Bible?—A. P., Jersey City, N. J.



Not a few non-Catholics are veering back to the ancient Christian faith—and the faith of Old Testament days—in Purgatory. To one who wears tinted glasses, all objects in view are tinged by some shade of color. The thinking

of a prejudiced mind is affected in much the same way. Were unbelievers to appreciate the sheer reasonableness of the doctrine of Purgatory, mental roadblocks would be eliminated. Nor would they cavil over the fact that, although the idea of Purgatory is clear-cut in Revelation, the "label" is not. The idea is simply that of a place of purgation. As expressed so simply by St. Augustine: "There are some who have departed this life, not so bad as to be deemed unworthy of mercy, nor so good as to be entitled to immediate happiness." The reason for a postponement of heaven is obvious: "There shall not enter into it anything defiled. or that worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." (Apoc. 21:27)

In view of the above, the doctrine of Purgatory is, for the vast majority of mankind, a most consoling prospect, especially when rounded out by the feasibility of suffrage for the departed. Purgatory is an opportunity to make amends for lifelong foolhardiness and suicidal selfishness. "It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." (2 Machabees 12:46)

No Fast from Medicine

A patient, confined to home, has to take medicine around the clock. Does this prevent his daily reception of Holy Communion?—M. B., Springfield, Minn.

Medicine, whether in solid or liquid form, does not break the Eucharistic fast. It does not matter what the ailment may be, or how close to Communion time the medicine may be due.

Half Holyday

Is there such a thing as a half-holyday?—S. B., St. Marys, Kansas.

The observance of the so-called half-holyday is now in vogue only in a very few dioceses, such as Utrecht, Holland. Attendance at Mass is obligatory, but not abstinence from servile work. For most people in non-Catholic countries, only a partial observance of a holyday is feasible. In Catholic countries, a holyday is observed as strictly as a Sunday—banking and almost all other business come to a standstill. In our own country, the law of abstinence from servile work still holds, although it does not apply to anyone who cannot reasonably keep the law. As for the half-holyday observance, it is in effect in very few places and applies to very few of the annual holydays of obligation.

BOOK REVIEWS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.S. FOREIGN POLICY

By C. L. Sulzberger. Harcourt, Brace. 255 pages. \$4.50

C. L. Sulzberger, who lives in Paris, has roamed the world's news capitals for close to a quarter of a century. Talented and experienced foreign correspondent for the New York Times, he is unique in his ac-



C. L. Sulzberger

quaintanceship with the great and near great of current history. His column, "Foreign Affairs," on the editorial page of the *Times*, is required reading in the chancellories of all major capitals. He is a man of maturity and substance.

His book, therefore, is a product of fertile, careful, on-the-scene thinking. It comes close to being "must reading" for any American in any way concerned with our international predicament.

The book's purpose is not to extol the positive achievements of our foreign policy. These achievements, Mr. Sulzberger admits, are numerous. Rather, as the title indicates, he is concerned to point out the faults of our foreign policy and to analyze them in depth. His insights are sharp and painful. He ranges over the field of foreign relations, discussing facts and principles while presenting his own evaluations.

He begins by taking up the longstanding delusion of many Americans who deal with foreign relations. He sees this delusion arising from the old electioneering habit politicians have of promising special groups the moon in return for their votes, without any hope of fulfilling those promises. He ties in our promises to "liberate" enslaved nations with this torturesome habit. He thinks we are still in the dying throes of isolationism whereby many Americans think they are making a concession even by having a foreign policy.

Throughout his discourse he pinpoints two unpleasant realities: (1) the inability of the leader of the world's democratic nations to resolve its own tragic race question; (2) the often impractical and short-sighted approach to crises which our leaders take with their peculiar admixture of opportunistic terms, half-measures, and moral pontification.

In the light of this estimate of our weaknesses, he takes up, in topical chapters, our national posture toward the Sino-Soviet threat, Communist aggression, the NATO alliance, the Middle East ferment, and the issue of recognition of Red China. He suggests that diplomatic recognition of Red China is a logical and long overdue step, a position many Americans, including this reviewer, will vigorously reject.

However, the unfolding of his analyses, chapter by chapter, make fascinating and stimulating reading. It will be an eye-opener for those many American readers who scan the newspapers after a hard day's work and seem thoroughly confused as to just what is wrong with our foreign policy.

ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY.

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- APPROACH TO PRAYER. By Dom Hubert Van Zeller, \$2.50. Sheed & Ward
- **4. WE HAVE A POPE.** By Msgr. Albert Giovannetti. S2.75. Newman
- MY FIRST SEVENTY YEARS. By Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C. S3.50. Macmillan
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- 8. THE HIDDEN FACE. By Ida Friederike Goerres. \$4.95. Pantheon
- 9. THE INFANT OF PRAGUE. By Ludvik Nemec. S5.95. Benziger
- 10. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO. By Boris Pasternak. S5.00. Pantheon

THE MOVEMENT OF WORLD REVOLUTION

By Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward. 179 pages. \$3.00

Reading the new works of Christopher Dawson as they appear must be considered among the higher joys of living in the twentieth century. Here is someone who understands the spiritual forces



C. Dawson

that have shaped the historical destiny of man on the most profound level. His thought reaches from East to West; from the primitive ages of man, through the ages of religious and humanist development, to the space age of the present.

The problem he faces in this work is that of revolution. History has ever been a turbulent thing, but now more than ever the nations are caught in a vortex of revolution from which there seems to be no escape. All efforts to still the swirling waters seem to bring man more certainly down into some limitless abyss of destruction. Because of their magnitude and extension, the modern revolutionary movements are bringing about a change in the life of man that can only be compared to the vast change that took place in the transition from the neolithic period to that of the higher civilizations some five thousand years ago.

Thousands of studies are written each day in the effort men are making everywhere to comprehend the origins and exact nature of these revolutionary movements, the possible means of eliminating their more destructive aspects, and how they can be brought to rest in a new world order worthy of man. But out of this sea of printer's ink, there is little composed with such masterful understanding of the basic forces at work as that which we find in the writings of Christopher Dawson. Nor do we find many treatises that set forth their basic thought in such lucid English prose.

The main thesis of the present work is that the Revolutionary Movement itself has come out of the West and that, in the final analysis, only the West.

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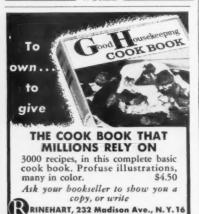
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Throughout the entire work the author manifests a realistic awareness of the ultimate nature of the revolutionary crisis we face. Yet he is even more aware of the overarching Providence of God and of the infinite spiritual resources of the Christian Faith that are available to man. He writes not with neo-pagan desperation, but with a certain calm and Christian majesty which is based on the conviction that crisis is opportunity and that a vast creative spiritual effort on the part of man can not only bring the world forth safely from its threatened destruction but can also establish it in the highest and finest perfection that human society has ever

THOMAS BERRY, C. P.

ROME ETERNAL

By Paul Horgan. 196 pages. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$4.50

Rome Eternal was, originally, a series of television films produced by the National Council of Catholic Men and NBC. It was televised twice on the Catholic Hour. This book contains 255 of the moving-picture



Paul Horgan

frames and the commentary written by Paul Horgan. It is impossible to transpose integrally a moving picture into a book. For all motion stops and the play of light and shadow dies. This lack of motion is, perhaps, especially noticeable in the last thirty pages, containing forty pictures and less than five hundred words of text. The motionless light and shadow stand out frequently, as in the pictures of Michelangelo's Moses and Pietá. But these were inevitable losses. They are not helped by the no more than ordinary reproduction.

The important thing in such an undertaking as this is the text. And the text of Paul Horgan is finely done. He has caught, in beautiful prose, a spirit of reverent awe as he moves from the Appian Way to the high altar in St. Peter's, shows the grandeur of the transformation of pagan Rome into the spiritual center of the world, and fol-

lows its vibrant and inspiring like through the Renaissance to our our day.

His commentary deserves the permanence it now has. It belongs, of course, to the film for which it was written and cannot adequately exist by itself. Unfortunately, the film suffers by this transposition and the price of reproducing a large number of pictures will make it unavailable to many.

JEREMIAH KENNEDY, C. P.

DEAR AND GLORIOUS PHYSICIAN

By Taylor Caldwell. Doubleday. 574 pages. \$3.95 If there i

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For Lucanus, stepson of the Roman governor of Antioch, the world was "one great groan of agony" after the death of his beloved Rubria. God was a cruel God; His ways were inexplicable; His design for man some



T. Caldwell

monumental act of grief performed without cause or apparent purpose. Lucanus, the same St. Luke who was later to write with love of this God, was confronted, in Rubria's death, with the beginning of a search which led him to many corners of the Roman Empire, ministering to the sick in his role of physician, curing the hopeless as the chosen instrument of God.

In the nearly 600 pages of Dear and Glorious Physician, Taylor Caldwell has provided a meaningful portrait not only of Lucanus, but of the age in which he lived. In a preliminary note to this well-researched work, she advises that "any resemblance between ancient Rome and the United States of America and/or Russia is purely historical and not a coincidence." Whether intentional on the part of the author or not, some of the similarities-the materialism, the frantic grasping after world leadership, the debauchery-when detailed with Miss Caldwell's perception and skill, are startlingly contemporary.

But it is as Lucanus' story that the novel must succeed or fail, and it is difficult to conceive of a character more fully developed or better presented against the backdrop of his colorfully detailed surroundings. Miss Caldwell's skillful characterization extends far beyond Lucanus and touches with equal assurance even the most minor figures on her extensive canvas. Keptah the physician, the noble tribune Diodorus, Lucanus' beautiful and sensitive mother Iris, as well as such relatively fleeting glimpses as are given of Pontius Pilate, Herod, and others, are handled with the deft and practiced conviction of the accomplished novelist.

68

If there is any single fault to be found, in might be in the author's tendency to detote somewhat less time and care to the events surrounding St. Luke's writing of his Gospel. They are not touched upon—a fact made more noticeable by the detail of the book's earlier stages. But, in fairness, it must be admitted that the latter are part of Lucanus' story, the generate he history of Christianity—to be continued, as Miss Caldwell appends, and the Gospel of St. Luke, and Acts I and II.

CATHARINE HUGHES.

HE HEROES OF GOD

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By Henri Daniel-Rops. 223 pages. Hawthorn. 53.95

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H. Daniel-Rops

elling This Is the Mass. Yet, this present work, The Heroes of God, has many

Primarily, it is a tribute to ten men ad one woman who were united trough missionary zeal in becoming sinesses to Christ's truth. The pages avoted to the heroics of St. Paul, St. lartin, Ramon Lull, Bartolomé de las bass, St. Francis Xavier, St. Isaac gues, Fra Junipero Serra, Mother arouhey, Father deFoucauld, Father lamien, and Father Nussbaum are both spiring and interesting.

Many readers will be introduced to the lives of some of the aforementioned or the first time. The brief sections will have them thirsty for more.

This work should particularly appeal those seeking a book for spiritual rading which can be read in small these. Each section runs about twenty tages and is not dependent upon the extion which has preceded it.

A further value of this book may well be found in the choice of subjects. The brief biographies represent an amazing cross-section in time and cography which helps to demonstrate the universality of the Church.

This book might effectively be placed in the reading lists given to young cople who are seeking truly great bross to imitate.

FRANCIS J. LODATO, PH.D.

FLYING TIGER

By Robert Lee Scott, Jr. 285 pages.
Doubleday. \$3.95

This is an angry book, but not a bitter one. The story of the late General

Chennault has been told before. He was a legend in his time. His was the lot of the rebel from orthodoxy, a man destined to fight a lonely action against his superiors and the standards of his time.

Now Robert Lee Scott, Jr., remembered for the best-selling God Is My Co-Pilot, and one of Chennault's most daring aces and devoted followers, gives us a worshipful, personal glimpse into the "flyingest tiger of them all." Scott clearly believes Chennault to be one of the truly great airmen of history. His belief in this, and that Chennault was often a victim of airforce bureaucracy and outmoded military thinking, make Scott's book both a labor of love and outrage,

Claire Chennault was the leathery-faced flier who came out of the Louisiana bayous to forge a handful of pilots into one of the most feared flying units of all time, reorganize a pitiful Chinese Air Force, command the 14th United States Air Force against staggering odds, and, later, come out of retirement to create a remarkable airlift, bringing supplies to Communist-bedeviled villages of northern China. Scott says the revolutionary fighter plane tactics designed by Chennault are still in use today.

Chennault's frustrating attempts to get enough planes and equipment to help him command the "smallest" air force in the world covering the "largest fighting area" are described in detail. Moreover, his continued insistence, at a time when it was not popular, that the Chinese Communists were as much a threat to us as the Japanese, did not increase his standing in Washington, says Scott.

In July of 1958 Chennault lost his biggest battle, to cancer. Robert Lee Scott walked alongside the flag-draped casket as a pallbearer.

WILLIAM HEALY.

SAINT JEAN-MARIE VIANNEY

By Margaret Trouncer. 260 pages, Sheed & Ward. \$3.95

When the Curé of Ars died. August 4th, one hundred years ago, the world needed a canonized saint who was an ordinary parish priest. There had never been one before, a fact which contributed to the



M. Trouncer

Curé's frequent temptations to despair. He was convinced that unless he did penance for his sins in a Trappist monastery, he could not be saved. Once the devil, who had plagued him for years, met him at the door with a carriage ready to bear him away. The Curé put him off, saying his penitents



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Margaret Trouncer, with her careful research and keen imagination, brings all the facets of this priestly diamond into play. As the unusual woodcarving by Enrico Arno on the book jacket shows so well, Jean-Marie Vianney was a man of joy, peace, and patience, emaciated by fastings and austerities, completely devoted to God and souls. The Cure's growth in holiness was to continue over his whole life (seventythree years), and with it he gradually converted the village of Ars. Besides his monumental work of conversions, he left only two concrete memorials, the home for orphans, La Providence, which was run by his faithful helper, Catherine Lassagne, and the shrine to St. Philomena, the young martyr who was his special friend and to whom he attributed the miracles he had been favored with.

This is an impressive biography, a little more compact and surely as inspiring as Mrs. Trouncer's *The Nun*, the life of St. Margaret Mary. It makes excellent spiritual reading.

PAULA BOWES.

EIGHT DAYS

By Gabriel Fielding. Morrow. 370 pages. \$4.50

The jacket of this book quotes an appreciation written by an English Carmelite Prior, and it is understandable



Just Another Kid

The little boy had just come home from Sunday school. "Teacher told us a wonderful story about a boy named Joseph," he reported to his mother. "His brothers stuck him in a hole in the ground. Then they killed another boy and took his coat and dipped it in the blood of the other boy and . . ."

"Oh, no," his mother protested, "not another boy!"

"Yes, it was," her son insisted.
"The teacher said 'kid,' but you told me I mustn't use slang words."

Margaret Lynch



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HE SIGN Union City New Jersey

that the publishers should resort to some such means to reassure prospective readers.

For Eight Days is a thriller compounded with a parade of the sexual and psychotic symbolism so prevalent in current fiction. As a "novel of conscience" it details an eight-day sinand-sensuality trial of its protagonist, a recent convert to Catholicism.

The fact that the author has chosen to set his scene in, an international zone of North Africa and has peopled his novel with criminals and degenerates may, in a murky way, point out his own fears about the world in which we live: a world faced with impending disasters. a world short on grace and long on residual or original sin.

Novels such as this one are aptly called "conscience novels." The problems of conscience are not exclusively those of the characters whose pitiful lives and heart-rending difficulties are described here: they also become problems of conscience for readers who are sufficiently aware of the pagan corruption in our own society.

In another sense, this novel presents a problem of conscience for those who read it as an "entertainment." Even more than the writings of Graham Greene, which are spiritually akin to this work. Eight Days must be read prayerfully and compassionately, and only by mature adults.

MAURICE ROBINSON.

CONVENT READINGS AND REFLECTIONS

By Rev. Bruno Hagspiel. 274 pages.

In a certain sense, retreat masters are among the great unsung of this earth. It is probably their fault-or virtue?too. They invariably remind retreatants, as this author does, "A retreat requires self-activity-you and God. The retreat master offers only small grains of spiritual seed." After fifty years of teaching, writing, and "retreating" both contemplative and active religious, popular Father Hagspiel presents, in Convent Readings, a distillation of his conferences on the religious vows and other aspects of the religious life with-to make it a "medley"-articles on various topics which have appeared in various periodicals but which he has revised for this collection.

He grants no quarter in pressing home the point that perfection is the goal of every religious. He casts fire when he says that silence is "the acid test of a convent's spirituality." (Pope Pius XII made a vehement appeal two years ago for the cultivation of silence ... "It is so lacking in our day.") While he counsels "Cheer up, Sister!" he warns us to transfigure the daily observance

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of the Holy Rule by an ever-deepenin fidelity. Lest anyone minimize the sentiality of prayer and meditation, h recounts the case study of the on verted ex-nun in the chapter, "A Nur Returns Home."

Interspersed in this potpourri are salute to Cardinal Stepinac, intrepid "dry martyr" of our day; the story of the founding of the first Trappistine Abber in the U.S.; ABC factual information or the Eastern Rites of the Catholic Church (we are so inexcusably ignorant of them!). "Spiritual gems" culled from saints, cardinals, poets, and philosopher bring the treatise to a close.

In a gracious foreword, His Eminence Cardinal Tien. S.V.D., has bestowed hi blessing on this book.

SISTER M. GENEVIEVE DONOVAY.

CHILD OF COMMUNISM

By Ede Pfeiffer. Crowell.

213 pages

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Strangely enough, despite the passage of nearly two years since the Hungarian Revolution and the escape of 200,000 Magyars, there has yet to appear a series of definitive writings dissecting thoroughly the institutions of Communis society. One such institution is Sovietstyle education with its mass indoctrination and building of a loyal robot-like technocracy. Ede Pfeiffer's story of Budapest youth and education from 1945 to 1956 does little beyond personal narrative to change this unfortunate lack.

Pfeiffer's tale is a weak recounting of this dramatic and important area of Communist control and indoctrination. He glosses over the method of Communist Party educational takeover; largely ignores the Church-Communist struggle over religion: oversimplifies the complex student-Party relationship; and his image of education seems stereotyped. In another more technical area. the text suffered from inadequate proofreading and Hungarian names were at times stylistically inconsistent or misspelled.

The unconscious strength of the book rests in its devastating exposure of what cynical Communist pedagogy can, and does, do to the personality of its victims.

While the author, piously, and apparently without actual involvement, recounts boyhood examples of sexual degeneration and moral perversion involving the "new socialist order." he sets forth in stark relief the horror and bankruptcy of a system which bases itself on animal instincts, deceit, false hood, and force. The disillusionment of the young, leading directly to the major role youth played in the Revolution, he describes intimately and well.

ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY.

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ANEY.

By J. P. McCarthy, S.J. 143 pages. Kenedy. \$3.00

We ought to be gay about heaven. A pity we're not! In his slim book Fr. McCarthy, professor of dogmatic theology and veteran of the Hong Kong mission of the Irish Jesuits. marshals cogent reasons why we should be, and how we could be, happy about the world to come.

The road to heaven is charted in four chapters detailing our destiny by way of the narrow gate of Christlike living. "All the way to heaven is heaven" with the grace of Christ informing our every

Heaven and its joys-the beatific vision, bliss such as the heart of man cannot conceive, "a new heaven and a new earth," the resurrection of our bodies and all the "incidental joys" of heaven such as the absence of hunger and thirst, heat and cold, fatigue and sorrow, and the positive joys of association with loved ones and friends-all these are treated profoundly and clearly in the second part of this book. Studded with Old and New Testament quotations, this work is based solidly on Scripture and the Church's teaching. Only through meditation can we realize our right to be merry and that, in an eternal day, "we shall all meet merrily in heaven."

SISTER M. GENEVIEVE DONOVAN.

THE MIDDLE AGE OF MRS, ELIOT

By Angus Wilson. 439 pages. Viking. \$4.95

Meg Eliot is introduced in settings intended to reveal her character and to set the stage for the subsequent "recognition scenes." The intention is never fully realized.

The book is in three parts. Part One is entitled "Humpty Dumpty." We see Meg first as she wields the iron hand of her authority as Chairman of the Committee for Aid to the Elderly. She fancies herself the selfless savior of the aged poor and plays it to the hilt. We see her next as hostess at a farewell party the night before she and her husband, Bill, are to leave on a business trip to Asia. Here she plays the role of perfect hostess, successful wife, mistress of a beautiful home filled with treasures bought for her by an adoring, prosperous husband. Humpty Dumpty, up to now, is sitting on the wall. The fall comes when her husband meets a sudden death.

In Part Two, entitled "Jobs for Job," Meg Eliot tries to put the pieces together. Her husband has left her penniless, but she refuses to be dependent on anyone. She puts herself through a

torturous series of self-examinations in which she sees herself as she really is, a selfish, domineering woman. After a breakdown and reunion with her eccentric brother, David, she eventually finds work which suits her. She remains, however, the same Meg Eliot who has to pull the strings in the puppet show.

The problems attendant upon the readjustment which a suddenly impoverished middle-aged widow has to make, are proper material for a novelist, but there seems to be here two serious defects in the treatment. The book is too long and repetitive. The Third Part, which deals with David's nursery business and his homosexual attachment to Gordon, is sickening and unnecessary. Secondly, Mrs. Eliot's selfsearching reveals things for which the reader is given no preparation. Less of David, Gordon, and the nursery, and more of Bill and Meg together, would have given Meg's recognition scenes more reality. This way, nobody cares. FORTUNATA CALIRI.

THE CHURCH, THE LAYMAN, AND THE MODERN WORLD

By George H. Tavard. 84 pages. Macmillan. \$2.50

Father Tavard belongs among the limited number of Catholic thinkers in America who have made serious intellectual efforts to understand and to communicate with the non-Catholic world around us. He has been in this country only a few years, but already, through writings, lectures, and personal contacts, has become widely known.

In this work he has given us a series



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The doctor climbed into his seat and said, calmly, "This car's paid for, boys."

Then, pointing to one lad after another, he said: "But you're not — you're not — and you're not!"

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The opinions of the author are, a times, sharply asserted in what might be called the more advanced trends of contemporary Catholic thought. This gives his book a challenging quality.

His opinions deserve critical reading and study by Catholics, particularly by those with some college training who seek a more reasoned and penetrating discussion of the contemporary world than they frequently find in Catholic writing.

THOMAS BERRY, C. P.

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WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

By Paul van K. Thomson. 204 pages, Nelson.

Paul Thomson is a former Episcopal priest converted to the Catholic Church. Why I Am a Catholic relates some of the motives for his conversion. They are motives which could and should move many adult Americans to examine the religion professed by one out of every five of their fellow citizens.

Unfortunately, the author attempts too much. He tries to tell both how he came to be a Catholic and why everyone else should be one. The two stories do not completely coincide and each is worth a separate book. Certainly it will pass beyond any reader's belief that Thomson himself saw all the arguments he gives for being a Catholic before he became one himself. There just isn't that much time in one life.

Many points are treated quite ably. particularly the work of the Holy Spirit in the Church and the meaning of Catholic social teachings. The whole book is written in the spirit of good will toward non-Catholics. However, Thomson writes as if needing a good editor to trim his sentences to more manage able size. His vocabulary has far too many technical theological terms that will not be understood by the average non-Catholic reader. The book is best suited for priests and seminarians interested in convert work. However, if you have a well-educated non-Catholic friend who wants to know more about the Church, this book may be just the thing. For all others, the many explanations will generally need to be further explained. In short, it is a good book that deserves to be better written.

JAMES FISHER, C.S.P.

SHORT NOTICES

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POPP JOHN XXIII. By Father Paul Chrisnober Perrotta. 270 pages. Nelson. \$5.50. Father Perrotta has imbedded the story of Pope John XXIII in the hackground of papal history, showing the development of papal powers arising from the dogmatic fact of his sucession as Vicar of Christ on earth. This background material will help many to understand the position to which Cardinal Roncalli was elected. To further this understanding, the author deals in detail with the prerogaive and powers of the Pope and studies the problems he faces and the means he has of handling them. For a quick unlerstanding of the position of the Pope in the Church and the world, this book will be helpful.

ABOVE ALL A SHEPHERD. By Father Ugo Groppi and Julius Lombardi. 223 pages. Kenedy. \$3.95. The basic facts in the life of Pope John XXIII may not have been well known prior to his election to he papacy but the abundance of bigraphies appearing since his elevation will soon take care of this. Father Groppi and Doctor Lombardi have written perhaps hurriedly, but comdetely, about his early life and educaion, and the steps in his rise to the Chair of Peter. They have also touched in some of the problems he met as Papal Nuncio and Primate of Venice.

FAITH AND UNDERSTANDING IN AMERICA. By Gustave Weigel, S.J. 170 pages. Macmillan. \$3.75. This book will be read with great interest and reward w those who look forward to the coming Ecumenical Council. In it, Father Weigel, the eminent professor of ecdesiology at Woodstock College, again returns to his major preoccupation and explores the possibilities of a real and sympathetic exchange of views between Protestants and Catholics. His familiarity with current theological positions d major Protestant denominations makes his work particularly valuable.

Actually, six of the nine chapters were previously published, in such publications as Cross Currents, Thought, Theological Studies, and The American Scholar. Those who have been following the work of Father Weigel will be happy to have these thoughtful essays gathered into one volume. Three new dapters have been added: "The Catholic Conception of Religious Truth"; The Role of Religion in American Society", and "Catholic Communication with the World." The unusually perceptive understanding and great charity with which Father Weigel writes of Protestant-Catholic relations can be an admirable help toward creating an environment more favorable to Chris-

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(Continued from page 17)

direction deserve to be remembered Pius X, Leo's immediate successor, added to the prestige of his office more by his saintly life (he was canonized in 1954) his codification of canon law, and his thoroughgoing modernization of the Curia than by his external diplomaco Yet his last-minute appeal to France Josef of Austria at the outbreak of World War I is among the most moving documents in the history of the papacy

"I kiss your feet and implore you to abandon this impious war, this fearful iniquity, this scandal of the Gospel, this horrible stain on the breast of our mother, your mother and mine, Holy Mother Church I kiss your feet, and will not leave you till you give the order for peace as you gave the order for war. You gave the order for little Serbia to be destroyed; you have now reduced Belgium to ashes. Am I not the shepherd of these lambs? . . . The thunderbolts of the Church are terrible. You know it . . . I will not strike you down, because I have given my life for you . do not excommunicate, it will be the malediction of Heaven that will fall upon your head. My dearest son, I bless you today, because I am still your father. Tomorrow will be too late; you will be accursed."

In medieval Europe such an implied threat of excommunication would have been wholly effective. In the twentieth century it meant nothing. The emperor never even received the message, for it was intercepted by a subordinate. A week later Pius X was dead-of a broken heart, his associates said.

It was almost the last time an appeal from a Pope to a Catholic king would even be possible. Three years later, in 1917. Benedict XV used the regular channels of diplomacy to send to Kaiser Wilhelm and the heads of other belligerent governments an impartial, comprehensive peace plan. It was, of course, rejected, as was Pius XII's equally sensible plan advanced on the first Christmas eve of World War II.

All that either Pope could do was to put the prestige and the limited funds of the Vatican at the service of war's victims. That effort, large enough in World War I, was sharply intensified in World War II. Thousands of tons of foodstuffs were distributed, channels of communication were kept open between prisoners of war and their families, Jewish refugees were sheltered secretly, and political leaders of every stripe, united only by their opposition to dictatorship, found refuge in the Vatican.

Between the two wars, under the tough-minded Pius XI, the Papacy waged an ideological battle which in

(Continued on page 78)

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many ways recalled the days of Leo XIII and which raised its prestige even higher particularly outside the Church. For sooner than most secular government the Vatican realized that Fascism and Nazism were at bottom attempts to subjugate the human spirit. In Non-Abbiamo Bisogno, his 1931 denunciation of Fascism, and in Mit Brennender Sorge, his scathing arraignment of National Socialism's racial doctrines in 1937, Pope Pius XI militantly protested attacks on Catholicism. But he also coolly demolished the intellectual pretensions of the dictators.

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Pius XII in his turn continued the ideological struggle—notably agains Communism—and set himself agains the ultimate evil: the threat of total annihilation implied in atomic and bacteriological warfare. But he also brought to the Papacy an entirely need timension: a willingness, even an eageness, to meet personally as many people from all walks of life as he could, and to bring papal teaching down from the lofty level of encyclicals and into the everyday lives of the millions upon millions who came to Rome to see him.

It was almost as though Pope Pius in a world where individuals had come to feel that they counted for nothing set out personally to assure them that they count for everything. If Leo XIII restored the intellectual standing of the Papacy in the world, Pius XII stood witness to its concern for every human being, no matter his faith or calling.

A resolute re-entry into the area of ideas, a rapprochement with non-Catholic governments, a world-wide effort to avert war and relieve human suffering, and a concern for men's every-day problems—all these things have launched the papacy on a new Golden Age. Indeed, seldom has the spirit of Christ seemed more warmly and constantly present to guide His earthly vicars and to help them meet the challenges thrust upon them than within the last three-quarters of a century.

And now the sharecropper's son with the strong face and thick fingers of an Italian peasant has picked up the Papacy's burdens. Those who expected him to be a cautious "Caretaker Pope' have been amazed by his energy and boldness. Yet it is still too early to tell what sort of Pope that John XXIII will make. The chemistry of the office is complex, its end product impossible to analyze in advance.

A veteran Vatican correspondent once wrote that the job of a modern Pope is "knowing this rent and ragged world, patching it up and drawing the seams together." To the extent that an independent voice, speaking with great moral and spiritual power and enjoying almost unprecedented respect, can help mend the rents, that of John XXIII seems assured a respectful hearing.

JOHN XXIII: JOYFUL SHEPHERD

(Continued from page 19)

embarrassed because "he is more popular with the masses" than any Red in laly. The young Reds added:

"The truth is most of us like the Pope. How can you not like him? So, everyone is laughing at the leaders who em to be doing a dance over all this. Why not admit it? He has more peronality and bounce than Togliatti Italian Communist Party Chief Palniro Togliatti) ever had."

A Vatican worker told me this story one of the Pope's first walks around

the Vatican:

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'I saw him coming. That is, the nirage looked like the new Pope. He raved a car on to pass him. It had ined the night before and the wheels the car squirted water on the lower ourt of his cassock and soiled the white. but he didn't seem to mind. He was miling and coming right toward me.

"I haven't worked here long, but I do low the rules. No one talks to the Pope. So I tried to burrow myself beneath a small bridge nearby where the ain drains off. Pretty soon, I felt a hoe nudging at the seat of my pants. lhad to turn around. Sure enough, my worst fears, it was the new Pope, and didn't know what to say.

"He had a great big smile, but I had lump in my throat. He said, 'No need to be afraid of me. I only work iere, too.' The Holy Father asked me lot of questions-how long I had orked here, about my family, my home. He finally asked me if I had received the iree bonuses. I had to confess that I idn't know anything about bonuses. The Pope explained that, according to the rules, each Vatican employee was mittled to a bonus-on the death of Pope, the conclave and election of new Pope, and the coronation-three all months' pay. I still had to say that never heard of them.'

The worker paused and smiled:

"He looked at me and said like a iend: 'Don't worry about a thing. m going to look after things persony. Good luck and God bless you!' and the Pope was off, hopping over the obblestones, happy and hearty.'

Many tales have been told about the ope's warmth and love of people. But w know the reason for the great huanness of Roncalli-priest, bishop,

I am always willing to speak with or teive anyone," the Pope has said. This is because I must think that whover calls on me might also be coming confess his sins."

History-to a man who has been a rasant's son, scholar, author, diplomat, and cardinal-has been a guide to his

(Continued on page 80)

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personal and public life. He said, "Men have always remained the same."

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One of his close friends told me:

"To understand the Pope, you must first understand Roncalli. Now, don't think that the use of his last name is irreverent. It is not and he would be the first to declare so. He told me many times:

"'I do not want people to like me because I wear a Roman collar. Or carry the bishop's mitre. Or even that I wear the red hat of a cardinal. I want a man to like me because of what I am -Roncalli. A man who wants to understand him, feel with him, help him if given the chance. No. I am a man before I am anything. And because of this, I understand the sadness and joy in the hearts of my friends. And in the hearts of men."

The Pope can be quite distinct on moral questions and employ a bit of wit at the same time as he demonstrated when some scantily-clad women tourists visited St. Mark's Cathedral while he was Patriarch of Venice. Cardinal Roncalli told the women:

"You know, ladies, we realize that people need not come to Italy during the summer in furs or woolens. They can come dressed in that modern American silk, fresh and soft. And we hear it is a veritable refrigerator at low costs. Italy, on the other hand, is not on the Equator and even there, by the way, we understand the lions still wear their most precious hides."

The point was made with a smile.

More than any word, "Papa" symbolizes Pope John to the crowds. "Papa" and all it means in a land of large families, a deeply warm and affectionate word in the Italian language. The Pope looks and acts as an Italian "Papa"loving his children, guiding their paths. holding the family close to his heart and always with a touch of laughter.

Of all the stories that could be told about the new Pontiff, none is more secret than the abiding love he retains for his own father, who never rose in life above the toil of a farm laborer. Those close to the Pope told me he rarely speaks of his father but prays for him daily and his voice becomes reverent when any reference to his parents is made. Said Roncalli to some priest intimates:

"I was a poor boy of humble but good parents. They gave us all they had in life-their love. I am proud to say I was poor. Because I know what it is to be hungry. Is not the Pope of the Church to love? To hunger for his people? I wish to see all of them. No man will be kept from me. And I will continue to go out of the Vatican-to churches and wherever I can bless ow sons and daughters. I will make the rules because I am the Pope. There are no precedents in my reign."

BROTHERS OF THE SACRED HEART



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LETTERS

(Continued from page 7)

dance and they don't know how to act and so they need liquor and a cigarette to give them courage.

MRS. V. J. BRUCKBAUER

SLEEPY EYE, MINN.

THE CASE OF THE INCOMPLETE MAP

The February issue of THE SIGN has a map of Europe showing countries enslaved by Communist Russia; however, the Baltic nations do not appear thereon. Why do you not show Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia?

Why does our Catholic press make such a glaring and unjustified error, when the governments of the United States and other major western powers do not recognize the subjugation of these countries by Soviet Russia?

We truly hope that you will inform readers of THE SIGN about this error, which we are certain was not deliberate on your part.

REV. V. KATARSKIS

DAYTON, OHIO

. . . Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia were the first victims of Soviet Russia's aggression, being forcibly occupied by the Communists in 1940. This act of aggression has never been accepted by the United States government, and the embassies of these countries are still recognized in Washington.

In the continuing fight against atheistic. materialistic Communism it is most important that these three nations not be forgotten, and most atlases, globes, and maps continue to show these countries. We sincerely hope that you will do likewise in THE SIGN.

FRANK GUDELIS FEDERATION OF LITHUANIAN-AMERICAN R. C. SOCIETIES DAYTON, OHIO

. . this map disregards entirely the existence of three Christian countries at present under the Red voke, namely the Baltic countries. One will infer from this that the authors of the article are in agreement with the official U.S.S.R. contention that the Baltic countries went out of existence when they became united with the U.S.S.R. of their own "free will." . A. VINCENT STAKNIS

ELIZABETH, N. I.

THE SIGN'S map was not detailed; but in simplifying it, the artist went too far-and in proofreading it, the editors did not go far enough. THE SIGN regrets the omission.

HOFFA AND THE POLICE

I have been a reader of your magazine for several years and enjoy it very much, though I do not always agree with your policy, as in the case of the "Right-to-Work Law.

In the February number you have an article on "Hoffa and the Police" in which you state there are valid reasons for joining a union.

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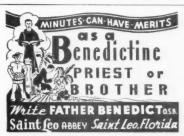
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OVEREMPHASIS?

I appreciate your goal for THE SIGN but I feel strongly that your constant enphasis on the labor issue, both in was editorials and in your current events action, is defeating your purpose of equal consideration and coverage for all national and international problems.

Otherwise, I find THE SIGN covering of other issues quite adequate and enligh ening. The fiction is mature and above average. The feature articles are whole some; the book reviews, especially, are critically sound.

MRS. ROBERT J. HARVEY

BE

Pag

LUTHERVILLE, MD.

NO SPIRITUAL READING?

I find much of your magazine very good and I enjoy it-in spite of its slanted di torial page. How about some spiritual reading for a change.

JAMES T. DUHIGG, M.D.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

DR. WU

I was greatly interested in Milton Lo mask's article on Dr. Wu. (February) I found myself developing a deep respect for the man, his customs, and everything else that he stands for. It is gratifying we know that there are a few persons in today world who willingly carry the cross after Christ and you needn't look for them in Roman collar or a red skullcap.

MISS JOAN KOTTEN

BRECKENRIDGE, MINN.

NEW WORLD FOR DEAF

Your article, "A New World for the Deaf" (January), was very near to heart. It was like reading a little about our own daughter, Beverly.

She, too, was our first child and wa born deaf. She also is preparing for Communion at the age of seven.

MRS. LARRY SCHWEGMAN

TULSA, OKLA.